(2)

SELECT WORKS

OF

GAWIN DOUGLASS,

BISHOP OF DUNKELD.

CONTAINING

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR,
THE PALACE OF HONOUR,
PROLOGUES TO THE ÆNEID,
AND
A GLOSSARY OF OBSOLETE WORDS;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN OLD POEM,
Author unknown.

CONSIDER IT WARLIE, REDE AFTINER THAN ANIS.
WEIL AT ANE BLINK SLIE POETRY NOT TANE IS.

GAVIN DOUGLASS.

PERTH:

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M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

PORTRAIT

OF

KING JAMES II,

KING OF SCOTS.

From a Painting at Newbattle Abbey, the Seat of the MARQUIS of LOTHIAN.

This PORTRAIT, from an Inſcription in the hand writing of George Jameſone the painter, appears to have been painted by him for Robert the I, Earl of Lothian, who was a great collector of portraits of illuſtrious perſons. That the Earl, or George Jameſone, ſhould think of fabricating a fictitious portrait of a monarch, who died only 140 years before their time, is hardly credible, and as there are portraits of Robert II, and Elizabeth Muir of Taymouth, by the ſame hand, it is to be ſuppoſed, that George Jameſone was employed to paint copies from the originals, then exiſting in the Royal collection; and this appears the more probable, as the portrait of James I, has been diſcovered in Germany, and a portrait of James III, and his Queen and Children, is in the king's collection, at Kenſington Palace, which had no doubt formed a part of the collection of the king of Scotland, which had been brought to England by king James VI, after his acceſſion to the throne of Great Britain. We beg leave therefore, to offer this portrait to the public, leaving the weight of our arguments in favour of its authenticity, to its critical diſcuſſion.

HEIR BEGINNIS

Ane Treatiſe callit the PALICE of HONOUR,

Compylit be Mr GAWINE DOUGLASS, BISCHOP of

DUNKELD.

Imprentit at EDINBURGH, be JOHN ROS,

For HENRIE CHARTERIS, ANNO. 1579.

CUM PRIVILEGIO REGALI.

TO THE

REIDAR.

QUHEN we had ſene and conſidderit the divers impreſſiones befoir imprented of this notabill werk, to have bene altogidder faultie and corupt, not only that quhilk has bene imprentit at London, but alſo the copyis ſet furth of auld, amangis our ſelfis; we have thocht gude, to take ſome peines and traivelles, to have the ſamen mair commodiouſly and correctly ſet furth: to the intent, that the benevolent Reidar, may have the mair delyte and pleſure in reiding, and the mair frute in peruſing this pleſand, and delectable werk.

The

THE

PROLOGUE.

§ I.

QUHEN paill Aurora with face lamentabill
Her ruſſet Mantill borderit all with Sabill,
Lappit about the heuinly circumſtance
The tender bed and aires honorabill
Of Flora quene till flowres aimiabill.
In May irais to do my obſervance,
And enterit in a gardyne of pleſance
With ſol depaint, as Paradice delectabill
And bliſsfull bewis, with blomed varyance.

II.

Sa craftilly dame Flora had ouir fret
Hir heuinly bed, powderit with mony a ſet
Of Ruby, Topas, Perle and Emerant.
With balmy dew, bathit and keyndlie wet;
Quhill vapours hote richt freſche and weil ybet,
Dulce of odour, of flour, maiſt fragrant,
The Silver dropis on daſies diſtillant:
Quhilk verdour branches ouir the Alars zet,
With ſmoky ſence the myſtis reflectant.

III.

The fragrand flowris bloumand in thair ſeis,
Ouirſpred the leuis of natures tapeſtries;
Abone the quhilk with heuinly harmonies
The birdis ſat on twiſtis and on greis,
Melodiouſly makand thair kyndlie gleis,
Whaiſe ſchill nottis fordinned all the ſkyis
Of repercuſt air the echo cryis,
Amang the branches of the blomit tries,
And on the Laurers ſilver droppis lyis.

IV.

Quhill that I rowmed in that Paradice,
Repleniſchit, and full of all delice,
Out of the ſey Eous alift his heid
I mene the hors whilk drawis at deuice
The affiltrie and Goldin Chair of Price
Of Tytan; whilk at morrow ſeemis reid;
The new colour that all the nicht lay deid
Is reſtorit, baith Fowllis, Flowris, and Rice,
Recomfort was, throw Phebus gudlyheid.

V.

The daſy and the maryguld unlappit,
Quhilks all the nicht lay with their leuis happit,
Thame to reſerue fra rewmes pungitive,
The umbrate trees that Tytan about wappit
War portrait, and on the eirth yſchappit,
Be goldin bemis viuificatiue
Quhais amene heit is maiſt reſtoratiue;
The Greſhoppers amangis the vergers gnappit,
And beis wrocht material for thair hyve.

Richt

VI.

Richt hailſome was the ſeſſoun of the zeir
Phebus furth zet depured bemis clear
Maiſt nutritiue till all things vegetant.
God Eolus of wind lift nocht appear,
Nor auld Saturne with his mortal ſpeir,
And bad aſpect contrair till eurie plant,
Neptunus Nold within that palice hant,
The beriall ſtremis rynning men micht heir,
By Bankis grene with glancis variant.

VII.

For till behald that heuinly place complete,
The purgit air with new engendrit heit,
The ſol enbroued with colour, ure, and ſtone;
The tender grene, the balmy droppis ſweit,
Sa rejoycit and comfort was my ſpreit,
I not was it a viſion or fantone,
Amyd the buſkis rowming myne alone,
Within that garth of all pleſance repleit
A voice I hard preclair as Phebus ſchone.

VIII.

Singand O May thow Mirrour of Soles,
Maternall moneth lady and maiſtres,
Till eurie thing adown reſpirature,
Thyne heuinlic work and worthie craftineſs
The ſmall herbis conſtranis till incres.
O verray ground till working of nature
Quhais hie curage and aſſucurat cure
Cauſis the eirth his fruits till expres
Diffundant grace on euerie creature.

IX.

Thy godly lore, cunning incomparabill,
Dantis the ſauage beiſtis maiſt unſtabill,
And expellis all that nature infeſtis,
The knoppit Syonis with leuis agreeabill,
For till reuert and burgione ar maid abill
Thy mirth refreſches byrdis in thair neſtis
Quhilkis the to praiſe and nature neuer reſtis,
Confeſſand zow maiſt potent and lowabill
Amang the brownis of the Olive twiſtis.

X.

In the is rute and agment of curage,
In the enforces martis vaſſalage,
In the is amorous lufe and harmonie,
With Incrementis freſche in luſtie age,
Quha that conſtrainit ar in luifis rage,
Addreſſand them with obſervance airlie,
Weill auchtis the till glore and magnifie.—
And with that word I raized my viſage
Soir affrayit half in an freneſie.

XI.

O Nature Quene and o ze luſty May
Quod I, tho' how lang ſall I thus foruay
Quilk zow and Venus in this garth deſeruis?
Recounſel me out of this greit affray,
That I may ſing zow laudis day be day,
Ze that all mundane creatures preſeruis
Comfort zour man that in this fanton ſteruis,
With ſpreit arraiſit and euerie wit away
Quaiking for feir, baith pulſis, vane, and neruis.

My

XII.

My fatal weird my febill wit I wary,
My deſie heid qnhome lake of brane gart vary,
And not ſuſtene ſo amiabill a ſoun,
With ery courage febill ſtrenthis ſary,
Bounand me hame and liſt na lunger tary;
Out of the air come ane impreſſioun,
Throw whais licht in extaſie or ſwoun,
Amyd the virgultis all in till a fary,
As feminine ſa febilit fell I down.

XIII.

And with that gleme ſa defyit was my micht,
Quhill thair remanit nouther voice nor ſicht,
Breith motion nor heiring natural,
Saw never man ſo faynt a leuand wicht,
And na ferly, for ouir excelland licht
Corruptis the witt, and garris the blude awaiil
Untill the hart, that it na danger aill
Quhen it is ſmorit, memberis wirkis not richt,
The dreidfull terrour ſwa did me aſſaill.

XIV.

Zet at the laſt I not how lang a ſpace
A lytle heit appeirit in my face.
Whilk had to foir been paill and voyde of blude
Tho' in my ſwoun I met a ferly cace;
I thoucht me ſet within a deſert place
Amyd a forreſt by a hyddeous flude,
With gryſly fiſche, and ſchortly till conclude,
I ſall diſcryue as God will give me grace
Myne viſioun in rural termis rude.

FINIS PROLOGI.

THE

PALICE OF HONOUR,

COMPYLIT BE

M. GAWINE DOUGLAS,

BISCHOP OF DUNKELD.

THE FIRST PART.

§ I.

THOW barrant wit ouirſet with fantaſyis,
Schaw now the craft that in thy memor lyis,
Schaw now thy ſchame, ſchaw now thy badnyſtie,
Schaw now thy endite reprufe of Rethoryis,
Schaw now thy beggit termis mair than thryis,
Schaw now thy rymis, and thyne harlotrie,
Schaw now thy dull exhauſt inanitie,
Schaw furth thy cure and write thir freneſyis
Quhilks of thy ſempill cunning nakit the.

II.

My rauiſt ſpreit on that deſert terribill,
Approchit near that uglie ſlude horribill
Like till Cochyte the riuer infernall,

With

With vile water quhilk maid a hiddious trubil
Rinnand ouir heid, blude reid and impoſſibill
That it had been a riuer natural.
With brayis bair, raif rochis like to fall,
Quhairon na gers nor herbis wer viſibill
Bot ſwappis brint with blaſtis Boriall.

III.

This Laithlie ſlude rumbland as thonder routit,
In quhome the fiſch zelland as eluis ſchoutit,
Thair zelpis wilde my heiring all fordeifit,
Thay grym monſtures my ſpreits abhorit and doutit
Not throw the ſoyl, but muſkane treis ſproutit
Combuſt, barrant, unblomit and unleifit,
Auld rottin runtis quhairin na ſap was leifit,
Moch, all waiſt, widderit with granis moutit
A ganand Den quhair murtherars men reifit.

IV.

Quhairfoir my ſelvin was right ſair agaſt,
This wilderneſs abhominabill and waiſt,
(In quhome nathing was nature comfortand)
Was dark as Rock, the quhilk the ſey upcaſt.
The quhiſſilling wind blew mony bitter blaſt,
Runtis rattillit and uneith micht I ſtand.
Out throw the wod I crap on fute and hand
The river ſtank, the treis clatterit faſt.
The ſoyl was nocht bot marres ſlyke and ſand.

V.

And not bot caus my ſpreitis wer abaiſit,
All ſollitair in that deſert arraiſit

Allace

Allace I ſaid is nane other remeid,
Cruell fortun quhy hes thow me betraiſit?
Quhy hes thow thus my fatall end compaſſit?
Allace, Allace, ſall I thus ſone be deid
In this deſert and wait nane other reid?
Bot be devourit with ſom beiſt rauenous?
I weip, I waill, I plene, I cry, I pleid
Inconſtant warld and quheil contrarious.

VI.

Thy tranſitory pleſance quhat auaillis?
Now thair, now heir, now hie and now deuaillis,
Now to, now fra, now law, now magnifyis,
Now hait, now cauld, now lauchis, now beuaillis.
Now ſeik, now haill, now werie, now not aillis,
Now gude now euill, now weitis and now dryis,
Now thow promittis, and richt now thow denyis.
Now wo, now weill, now firm now frivolous,
Now Gam, now Gram, now louis now defyis
Inconſtant warld and quheill contrarious.

VII.

Ha, quha ſuld haue affyance in thy blis?
Ha quha ſuld haue firm eſperance in this,
Whilk is alace ſa ffreuch and variant?
Certes nane, ſum hes no wicht? ſurelie zis.
Than has myſelf been guilty? ze, I wis.
Thairfoir alace ſall danger thus me dant?
Quhidder is become ſo ſone this duillie hant?
And ver tranſlait in winter furious?
Thus I bewail my faitis repugnant
Inconſtant warld and quheil contrarious.

Bydand

VIII.

Bydand the deid thus in my extaſie,
Ane dyn I hard approaching faſt me by,
Quhilk mouit fra the plague Septentrionall,
As heird of beaſtis ſtamping with loud cry,
Bot than God wait, how effrayit was I!
Traiſtand to be ſtranglit with Beſtiall.
Amid a ſtock richt priuelie I ſtall,
Quhair luikand out anon I did eſpy
Ane luſtie rout of Beiſtis rationall.

IX.

Of Ladyis fair and guidlie men arayit
In conſtant weid, that weill my ſpreitis payit,
With degeſt mind, quhairin all wit aboundit
Full ſoberlie their Haiknayis thay aſſayit,
Efter the faitis auld and not forwayit.
Their hie prudence ſchaw furth and naithing roundit
With gude effeir quhairat the wod reſoundit.
In ſteidfaſt ordour, to veſie unaffrait
Thay ryding furth with ſtabilneſs ygroundit.

X.

Amiddis quhom born in ane goldin chair,
Ouirfret with perle and ſtains maiſt preclair,
That drawin was by haiknayis all milk quhite,
Was ſet a Quene, as lyllie ſweit of ſwair,
In purpour rob hemmit with gold ilk gair,
Quhilk gemmit claſpis cloſed all perfite.
A diademe maiſt pleſandlie polite,
Set on the treſſis of her giltin hair,
And in her hand a ſcepter of delyte.

Syne

XI.

Syne nixt hir raid in granate violat
Twelf Damiſellis, ilk ane on thair eſtait,
Quhilks ſemit of her counſell maiſt ſecre
And nixt them was a luſtie rout God wait,
Lords Ladyis and mony fair Prelatt,
Baith born of hie eſtait and law degre,
Furth with thair Quene, thay all by paſſit me
Ane eſie pais, thay ryding furth the gait,
And I abaid alone within the tre.

XII.

And as the rout was paſſit one and one,
And I remanand in the tre alone,
Out throw the wod came rydand Catiues twane,
Ane on ane aſſe, a widdie about his mone,
The uther raid ane hideous hors upone,
I paſſit furth and faſt at thame did frane
Quhat men thay wer? Thay anſwerit me agane,
Our namis bene Achitophel and Sinone,
That by our ſubtell menis, feill hes ſlane.

XIII.

Wait ze quoth I, quhat ſignifies zone rout?
Synon ſaid zee: and gaue ane hideous ſchout,
We wretchis bene abject thair-fra I wis.
Zone is the Quene of Sapience but dout,
Lady Minerue, and zone twelf hir about
Ar the prudent Sibillais full of blis,
Caſſandra eik Delbora and Circes,
The fatall ſiſters twynand our weirdis out,
Judith, Jael, and mony a Prophetes.

XIV.

Quhilks groundit ar in firme intelligence,
And thair is als into zone court gone hence
Clerkis diuine, with probleumis curius.
As Salomon the well of Sapience,
And Ariſtotell fulfillit of prudence,
Salluſt, Senek and Titus Liuius
Pithagoras, Porphyre, Permenydus,
Melyſſes with his ſawis but defence,
Sidrach Secundus and Solenyus.

XV.

Ptholomeus, Ipocras, Socrates,
Empedocles, Neptenabus, Hermes,
Galien, Auerroes, and Plato,
Enoch, Lamech, Job and Diogenes,
The eloquent and prudent Uliſſes,
Wiſe Joſephus, and facund Cicero,
Melchiſedech with uther mony mo.
Thair veyage lyis throw out this wildernes,
To the Palice of Honour all they go.

XVI.

Is ſituate from hence liggis ten hunder,
Our horſis oft or we be thair will founder.
Adew we may na langer heir remane.
Or that ze paſs, quod I, tell me this wonder,
How that ze wretchit Catiues thus at under,
Ar ſociat with this Court Souerane?
Achitophell maid this anſwer again,
Knawis thow not? Haill, eird quaik, and thunder
Ar oft in May with mony ſchour of rane.

XVII.

XVII.

Richt ſa we bene into this compañie
Our wit aboundit and uſit was lewdlie,
My wiſdom ay fulfillit my deſire,
As thou may in the Bybill weill eſpy:
How David's prayer put my Counſell by,
I gart his ſone againis him conſpire,
The quhilk was ſlane, whairfoir up be the ſwire
Myſelf I hangit, fruſtrat ſa foulilie.
This Synon was a Greik that raiſit Fire.

XVIII.

Firſt into Troy as Virgil dois report,
Sa Tratour like maid him be draw ouirthoirt
Quhill in he bronght the hors, with men of armis
Quhairthrow the town deſtroyit was at ſchort.
(Quod I) Is this your deſtanie and ſort?
Curſit be he that ſorrowis for zour harmis,
For ze bene ſchrewis baith be goddis armis,
Ze will obtene na entres at zone port,
But gif it be throw Sorcerie and Charmis.

XIX.

Ingres to haue, quod thay, we not preſume,
It ſuficis us, to ſe the palice blume.
And ſtand on rowme quhair better folk bene charrit,
For to remane, adew, we haur na tume,
This ilk way cummis the Courtis be our dume,
Of Diane, and Venus, that feill has marrit,
With that they raid away as they war ſkarritt,
And I agane maiſt like ane Elriche grume
Crap in the Muſkane Aiken ſtok miſharrit.

XX.

Thus wretchetlie I maid my reſidence,
Imagining feill ſyſe for ſome defence,
In contrair ſauage beiſtis maiſt cruell,
For na remeid bot deid be voilence
Sum time aſwagis febill indigence,
Thus in a part I recomfort myſell,
Bot that ſa little was I dare not tell
The ſtichling of a mouſe out of preſence
Had bene to me mair ugſome than the hell.

XXI.

Zet glaid I was that I with them had ſpokin,
Had not bene that, certes my hart had brokin,
For megirneſs and puſillamitie,
Remainand thus within the tre all lokin,
Deſirand faſt ſom ſignes or ſum tokin
Of lady Venus, or hir companie;
Ane hart transformit ran faſt by the tree
With houndis rent, on whom Diane was wrokin
Thair by I underſtude that ſcho was nie.

XXII.

Thay had before declarit hir cumming
Mair perfectlie for thy I knew the ſigne
Was Acteon, quilk Diane nakit watit
Bathing in a well, and eik hir madynnis zing.
The Goddes was commovit at this thing,
And him in forme hes of a hart tranſlatit
I ſaw alace! his houndis at him ſlatit.
Backwert he blent to give them knawledging
Thay reif thair Lord, mis knew him at him batit.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Sine ladyis come with luſtie gilten treſſis,
In habit wilde maiſt like till Foſtereſſis.
Amiddis quhom heich on ane Eliphant
In ſigne that ſho in chaſtitie increſſis,
Raid Diane that Ladyis hartis dreſſis,
Till be ſtabill and na way inconſtant,
God wait that nane of thame is variant,
All chaiſt and trew Virginity profeſſis
I not bot few, I ſaw with Diane hant.

XXIV.

Intill that court I ſaw anone preſent
Jephteis douchter a luſtie Ladie gent,
Offerit to God in her virginitie.
Polixena I wis was not abſent,
Peantheſile with mannis hardyment
Effygin and Virgenius douchter fre,
With other flouris of feminitie,
Baith of the New and the Auld Teſtament,
All on thay raid and left me in the tre.

XXV.

In that deſert diſpers in ſonder ſkattirit,
Were bewis bair quhome rane and wind on batterit,
The water ſtank, the field was odious
Quhair Dragonis, Leſſertis, Aſkis, Edderis ſwatterit,
With mouthis gapand forkit taillis tatterit,
With mony a ſtang and ſpouttis vennimous,
Corrupting air be rewme contagious,
Maiſt groſs and vile, enpoyſonit cloudis clatterit,
Reikand like hellis ſmoke, ſulfurious.

XXVI.

My daiſit heid fordullit diſſelte,
I raiſit up half in ane lithargie,
As dois ane catiue ydrunkin in ſleip
And ſa appeirit to my fantaſie,
A ſchynand licht out of the north eiſt ſky,
The whilk with cure to heir I did tak keip,
Proportion ſounding dulceſt, hard I peip,
In muſick number full of harmony
Diſtant on far was carpit be the deip.

XXVII.

Farther, by water, folk may ſoundis heir,
Than by the eirth, the quhilk with poris ſeir
Up drinkis air that mouit is be ſound,
Quhilk in compact water, of ane riueir,
May nocht enter, bot rinnis thair and heir,
Quhill it at laſt be carpit on the ground.
And thocht throw din be experience is found
The fiſche ar canſit within the riueir ſteir
In with the water the noyis dois not abound.

XXVIII.

Violent din the air brekis and deris
Sine greit motiown of the water ſteiris,—
The water ſteirit, fiſhes for feirdneſs flies,
Bot out of dout na fiſche in water heiris,
For as we ſe, richt few of thame hes eiris,
And eik forſuith bot gif wiſe clerkis leis,
Thair is na air in with waters nor ſeis,
But quhilk na thing may heir as wiſe men leirs,
Like as but licht, thair is nathing that ſeis.

XXIX.

XXIX.

Aneuch of this, I not quhat it may mene
I will returne till declair all bedene,
My dreidfull dreame with griſlie fantaſies
I ſchew befoir quhat I had hard or ſene,
Particularlie ſum of my panefull tene.
Bot now God waite quhat feirdneſs on me lyis,
Langer (I ſaid) and now this time is twyis,
Ane ſound I hard of angellis as it had bene,
With harmonie fordinnand all the ſkyis.

XXX.

Sa dulce, ſa ſweit and ſa melodious,
That euerie nicht thair with, micht be joyous,
Bot I ane Catiues dullit in diſpair,
For quhen a man is wraith or furious,
Melancholick for wo, or tedious,
Than till him is all pleſance maiſt contrair
And ſemblablie, than ſa did with me fair.
This melodie intonit heuinlie thus
For profound wo, conſtranit me mak cair

XXXI.

And murnand thus, as ane maiſt wofull wicht,
Of the maiſt pleſant court I had a ſicht,
In warld adoun ſen Adam was creat.
Quhat ſang? Quhat joy? Quhat harmony? Quhat licht?
Quhat mirthfull ſolace pleſance all at richt?
Quhat freſche bewtie? Quhat excelland eſtate?
Quhat ſweit vocis, Quhat wordis ſuggurait?
Quhat fair debaitis, Quhat luif full ladyis bricht?
Quhat luſtie gallandis did on thair ſervice wait?

XXXII.

XXXII.

Quhat gudlie paſtance and quhat minſtrellſie?
Quhat game thay maid, in faith not tell can I.
Thocht I had profound wit angelicall.
The heuenlie ſoundis of thair harmonie,
Hes dynnit ſa my drerie fantaſie,
Baith wit and reſſoun halfis loiſt of all,
Zet (as I knaw) als lichtlie ſay I ſall,
That angellike and Godlie company
Till ſe, me thocht a thing celeſtiall.

XXXIII.

Proceidand furth was draw ane chariote,
Be courſouris twelf, trappit in grene velvote,
Of fine gold wer junctures and harnaſſingis—
The lymnaris wer of burniſhit gold God wote,
Baith aixtre and quheillis of gold I hote.
Of goldin cord wer lyamis, and the ſtringis
Feſtinnit conjunct in maſſie goldin ringis—
Evir haims conuenient for ſic note,
And raw ſilk brechamis ouir thair halfis hingis.

XXXIV.

The bodie of the cairt evir bone,
With Criſolitis and mony precious ſtone
Was all ouirfret, in dew proportioun,
Like ſternis in the firmament quilks ſchone,
Reparrellit was that Godlike pleſand one,
Tyldit abone, and to the eirth adoun,
In richeſt claith of gold of purpure broun
But fas, nor uther frenzies, had it none,
Saiff claith of gold anamillit all faſſioun.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Quhair fra dependant hang thair megir bellis—
Sum round, ſum thraw, in ſound the quhilks excelliis,
All wer of gold of Araby maiſt fine,
Quhilks with the wind concordandlie ſa knellis
That to be glaid thair ſound all wicht compellis,
The harmonie was ſa melodious fine,
In mannis voice and inſtrument deuine,
Quhairſa thay went it ſeemit nathing ellis
Bot ierarchies of angellis ordours nine.

XXXVI.

Amid the chair fulfillit of pleſance,
Ane lady ſat at quhais obeyſance,
Was all that rout: and wonder is to heir
Of her excelland luſtie countenance
Her hie bewtie quhilk maiſt is to auance
Precellis all, thayr may be na compeir
For like Phebus in heiſt of his ſpheir
Hir bewtie ſchane caſtand ſa greit ane glance,
All fairheid it oppreſt baith far and neir.

XXXVII.

Scho was peirleſs of ſchap and portraiture,
In her had nature finiſchit hir cure,
As for gude havingis thair was nane bot ſcho,
And hir array was ſa fine and ſa pure,
That quhairof was hir robe I am not ſure,
For nocht bot Perle and ſtanis micht I ſee,
Of quhom the brightneſs of hir hie bewtie,
For to behald my ſicht micht not indure,
Mair nor the bricht ſone may the bakkis ee.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Hir hair as gold or Topaſis was hewit,
Quha hir beheld, hir bewtie ay renewit.
On heid ſho had a creſt of dyamantis
Thair was na wicht that gat a ſicht eſchewit,
War he never ſa conſtant or weill thewit,
Na he was woundit, and him hir ſeruant grantis
That heuinlie wicht, hir criſtall ene ſa dancis,
For blenkis ſweit nane paſſit unperſewit,
Bot gif he wer preſeruit as thir ſanctis.

XXXIX.

I wondert ſair and faſt in mind did ſtair,
Quhat creature that micht be was ſa fair,
Of ſa peirleſs excellant woman heid.
And farlyand thus I ſaw within the chair
Quhair that a man was ſet with lymmis ſquair,
His bodie weill entailzeit euerie ſteid.
He bair a bow with dartis haw as leid
His claithing was als grene as ane huntair
Bot he forſuith had na eine in his heid.

XL.

I underſtude be ſignes perſauabill
That was Cupyd the God maiſt diſſauabill
The lady Venus his mother a Goddes,
I knew that was the court ſa variabill,
Of eirdly lufe quhilk ſendill ſtandis ſtabill,
Bot zet thair mirth and ſolace neuertheleſs
In muſick tone and menſtrallie expres
Sa craftilie with curage agreabill
Hard neuer wicht ſic melodie I ges.

XLI.

Accompanyit luſtie zonkeirs with all,
Freſche ladyis ſang in voice virgineall,
Concordis ſweit, diuers entoned reportis.
Proportionis fine with ſound celeſtiall
Duplat, triplat diateſſeriall
Seque altera, and decupla reſortis,
Diapaſon of mony ſundrie ſortis,
War ſoung and playit be ſeir cunning menſtrall
On luſe ballatis with mony fair diſportis.

XLII.

In modulation hard I play and ſing
Faburdoun, prickſang, diſcant, countering,
Cant organe, figuratioun, and gemmell
On croud, lute, harp, with mony gudlie ſpring,
Schalmes, clariounis, portatives, hard I ring,
Mony cord organe tympane and cymbell.
Sytholl, pſalterie and voices ſweet as bell
Soft releſchingis in dulce deliuering,
Fractionis diuide, at reſt, or clois compell.

XLIII.

Not Pan of Archaid ſa pleſandlie playis,
Nor king David quhais playing as men ſayis,
Coujurit the ſpreit the quhilk Saul confoundit,
Nor Amphion with mony ſubtell layis,
Quhilk Thebes wallit, with harping in his dayis,
Nor he that firſt the ſubtell craftis foundit,
Was not in muſick half ſa weill y-groundit
Nor knew thair meaſure tent daill be na wayis,
At thair reſort baith heuin and eird reſoundit.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Na mair I underſtude thair numbers fine,
Be god than dois of Greik a ſwine,
Saif that me think ſweit ſoundis gude to heir.
Na mair heiron my labour will I tyne,
Na mair I will thir verbillis ſweit define,
How that thair muſick tones war mair cleir
And dulcer than the mouing of the ſpheir
Or Orpheus harp of Thrace with ſound diuine,
Glaſkeriane maid na noyis compeir.

XLV.

Thay condiſcend ſa weill in ane accord,
That by na joint thair ſoundis bene diſcord,
In euerie key thay werren ſa expert,
Of thair array gif I ſuld mak record,
Luſtie Springaldis and mony gudlie lord,
Tender zounglingis with pieteous virgin hart
Elder ladyis knew mair of luſtis art,
Diuers uthers quilks me not liſt remord,
Quhais lakkeſt weid was ſilkis ouirbrouderit.

XLVI.

In veſtures quent of mony ſindrie gyſe,
I ſaw all claith of gold men might deuiſe,
Purpour colour, punik and ſcarlote hewis,
Veluot robbis maid with the grand aſſyſe,
Dames, ſatyne, begaryit mony wiſe,
Crameſſie ſatine, veluot enbroude in diuers rewis
Satine figures champit with flouris and bewis,
Damisflure tere pyle quhairon thair lyis,
Peirle Orphany quhilk eurie ſtait renewis.

XLVII.

Thair riche entire maiſt peirles to behald
My wit can not diſcriue howbeit I wald
Mony entrappit ſteid with ſilkis ſeir
Mony pattrell neruit with gold I tald
Full mony new gilt harnaſing not ald,
Ou mony palfray luif ſum Ladyis cleir,
And nixt the chair I ſaw formeſt appeir,
Upon a bardit curſer ſtout and bald,
Mars God of ſtife enarmit in birneiſt geir.

XLVIII.

Euerie Inuaſibill wapon on him he bair,
His luik was grym, his bodie large and ſquair,
His lymmis weill entailziet to be ſtrang,
His neck was greit a ſpan lenth weill or mair,
His viſage braid with criſp broun curland hair,
Of ſtature not ouir greit, nor zet ouir lang,
Behaldand Venus, O ze my lufe, (he ſang).
And ſcho agane with dallyance ſa fair
Hir knicht him cleipis quhair ſa he ryde or gang

XLIX.

Thair was Arcyte, and Palemon aſwa
Accompyniet with fair Aemilia,
The Quene Dido with hir fals lufe Enee,
Trew Troilus, unfaithfull Creſſida,
The fair Paris, and pleſand Helena,
Conſtant Lucrece, and traiſt Penelope,
Kind Piramus, and wo begone Thyſbe,
Dolorous Progne, triſt Philomena,
King Dauids lufe, thair ſaw I Barſabe,

L.

Thair was Ceix with the kind Alceyon
And Achilles wroth with Agamemnon,
For Briſſida his lady fra him tane,
Wofull Phillis, and hir lufe Demophoon,
Subtell Medea, and hir knicht Jaſon.
Of France I ſaw thair Paris and Veane
Thair was Phedra, Theſeus and Ariane
The Secreit, uiſe, hardie Ipomedon,
Aſſueir Hefter, Irrepreuabill Suſane.

LI.

Thair was the fals unhappy Dalida,
Cruell wickit and curſt Deianira,
Waryic Biblis and the fair Abſolon,
Ypſyphile, abominabill Sylla,
Triſtram, Yſide, Elkana and Anna,
Cleopatra and worthie Mark Anthone,
Jole, Hercules, Alceſt, Irion.
The onlie patient wife Greſſillida
Hyacynthus that his heid brak one ane Stone.

LII.

Thair was Jacob with fair Rachel his Maik,
The quhilk become till Laban for hir ſaik,
Fourtene zeir bound, with hart immutabill,
Thair bene bot few ſic now I undertaik.
This fair Ladyis in ſilk and claith of laik,
Thus lang ſall not all foundin be ſa ſtabill,
This Venus court, quhilk was in lufe maiſt abil,
For till diſcrive my cunninges to waik,
Ane multitude thay war innumerabill.

LIII.

Of gudlie folk in euerie rank and age,
With blenkis ſweit freſche luſtie grene curage,
And dalyance thay riding furth in feir,
Sum leuis in hope, and ſum in greit thirlage
Sum in diſpair, ſum findis his panis ſwage,
Garlandis of flouris and rois Chaipletis feir,
Thay bair on heid, and ſamin ſang ſa cleir,
Quhill that thair mirth commouit my curage,
Till ſing this lay quhilk followand ze may heir.

LIV.

Conſtrainit hart belappit in diſtres,
Groundit in wo, and full of heuines,
Complane thy panefull cairis infinite,
Bewaill this warldis frail unſteidfaſtneſs,
Hauand regrait, ſen gain is thay gladnes,
And all thy ſolace returnit in diſpite,
O Catiue Thrall inuolupit in ſyte,
Confes thy fatall wofull wretchedneſs,
Deuide in twane and furth diffound all tyte
Aggreuance greit in miſerable indyte.

LV.

My cruell fate ſubjectit to pennance
Predeſtinate, ſa void of all pleſance
Hes everie greif amid my hart ingraue,
The ſlide inconſtant deſtenie or chance,
Unequallie dois hing in thair balance,
My demerites and greit dolour I haue,
This purgatorie redoublis all the laue,
Ilk wicht hes ſum weilfair at obeyſance,

Saif me byſning, that may na grace reſaue
Deid the addres, and do me to my graue.

LVI.

Wo worth ſic ſtrang misfortune anoyous,
Quhilk hes oppreſt my ſpreits maiſt joyous,
Wo worth this warldis freuch felicitie,
Wo worth my feruent diſeis dolorous,
Wo worth the wicht that is not piteous,
Quhair the treſpaſſour penitent thay ſe.
Wo worth this deid that daylie dois me dre,
Wo worth Cupyd, and wo worth fals Venus,
Wo worth thame baith, ay waryit mot thay be,
Wo worth thair court and curſit deſtenie.

LVII.

Loud as I mocht in dolour all deſtrenziet,
This lay I lang, and not ane letter fenzeit,
Tho' ſaw I Venus on hir lip did bite,
And all the court in haſte thair horſis renzeit
Proclamand loude, quhair is zone poid that plenzeit,
Quhilk deith deſeruis comittand ſic deſpite,
Fra tre to tre thay ſeirching but reſpite.
Quhill ane me fand, quhilk ſaid and greit diſdenzeit,
Auant villane thow reclus imperfite.

LVIII.

All in ane feuir out of my muſkane bowr,
On kneis I crap, and law for feir did lowre,
Than all the court on me thair heidis ſchuik,
Sum glowmand grim, ſum girnand with viſage ſowre,
Sum in the nek gaue me ſeil dyntis dowre.

Pluck

Pluck at the craw thay cryit, deplome the ruik,
Pulland my hair, with blek my face they bruik,
Skrymomorie fery gaue me mony a clowre
For chyppynutie ful oft my chaftis quuik.

LXIX.

With pane torment thus in thair tenefull play,
Till Venus bound thay led me furth the way,
Quhilk than was ſet amid a goldin chair;
And ſa confoundit into that fell affray,
As that I micht conſidder thair array.
Me thocht the field ouirſpred with carpettis fair
(Quhilk was to foir brint barrane vile and bair)
Wer maiſt pleſand, bot all (the ſuith to ſay)
Micht nocht ameis my greuous panefull ſair.

LX.

Enthronit ſat Mars, Cupyd and Venus:
Tho' rais ane clerk was cleipit various,
Me till accuſen of a deidlie crime,
And he begouth and red ane dittay thus.
Thou wickit Catiue wod and furious
Preſumpteouſlie now at this preſent time,
My Lady hes blaſphemit in thy rime,
Hir ſone, hir ſelf, and hir court amorous,
For till betrais awaitit heir ſen prime.

LXI.

Now God thow wait me thocht my fortune fey,
With quaikand voce and hart cald as a key,
On kneis I kneillit and mercy culd imploir,
Submittand me but ony langer pley,
Venus mandate and pleſure to obey.

Grace was denyit and my trauell forloir
For ſcho gaue charge to proceed as befoir
Than various ſpak richt ſtoultie me to fley
Injoynand ſilence till aſk grace ony moir.

LXII.

He demandit my anſwer Quhat I ſaid?
Than as I mocht with curage all miſmaid,
Fra time I underſtude na mair ſupplie,
Sair abaiſit, beliue I thus out braid;
Set of thir pointis of crime now on me laid,
I may be quite guiltleſs in veritie
Zit firſt agane the Judge quhilk heer I ſe,
This inordinate court, and proces quaid,
I will obje&t for cauſes twa or thre.

LXIII.

Inclynand law (quod I) with piteous face,
I me defend, Madame, pleis it zour grace,
Say on (quod ſcho) Than ſaid I thus but mair;
Madame ze may noe fit into this cace
For Ladyis may be judges in na place
And mairattour I am na ſeculair,
A ſpirituall man (thocht I be void of lair)
Cleipet I am, and aucht my liues ſpace
To be remit till my Judge ordinair.

LXIV.

I zow bezeik Madam with biſſie cure
Till giue ane gracious Interlocuture,
On thir exceptiones now proponit lait.
Than ſuddanelie Venus (I zou aſſure)
Deluierit ſone and with a voice ſo ſture,

Auſwerit

Anſwerit thus, thow ſubteil ſmy God wait,
Quhat wenis thow to degraid my hie Eſtait,
Me to decline as Judge, curſt creature,
It beis not ſa, the game gais uther gait.

LXV.

As we the find thow ſall thoill Judgement,
Not of a clerk we ſe the repreſent,
Saif onlie falſet and disfaithfull taillis,
Firſt quhen thow come with hart and haill intent,
Thow the ſubmitt it to my commandement.
Now now thairof methink to ſone thow faillis,
I wene na thing but follie that the aillis,
Ze clerkis bene in ſubtell wordis quent,
And in the deid als ſchairp as ony ſnaillis.

LXVI.

Ze bene the men beawrayis my commandis,
Ze bene the men diſturbis my ſervandis,
Ze bene the men with wickit wordis feill,
Quhilk blapſhemis freſche luſtie zoung gallandis,
That in my ſeruice and retinew ſtandis,
Ze bene the men that cleipis zow ſa leill,
With fallis beheſt quhill ze zour purpois ſteill,
Sine ze forſweir baith bodie, treuth, and handis,
Ze bene ſa fals ze can na word conceill.

LXVII.

Have done (quod ſcho) Schir varius alſwyth
Do write the ſentence, lat this catiue knyth
Gif our power may deming his miſdeid.
Than God thow wait gif that my ſpreit was blyth
The feverous hew intill my face did myith

All

All my mal-eis for ſwa the horribill dreid,
Haill me ouir ſet: I micht not ſay my creid,
For feir and wo within my ſkin I wryith,
I micht not pray forſuith thocht I had neid.

LXVIII.

Zet of my deith I ſet not half ane ſle
For greit effeer me thocht na pane to die,
But ſair I dred me for ſome uther Jaip,
That Venus fuld throw her ſubtillitie,
Intill ſum byſning beiſt transfigurat me,
As in a Beir, a Bair, ane Oule, ane Aip,
I traiſtit ſa for till hawe bene miſchaip,
That oft I wald my hand behald to ſe
Gif it alterit, and oft my viſage graip.

LXIX.

Tho' I reuoluit in my mind anone,
How that Diane transformit Acteone,
And Juns eik as for a kow gart keip
The fair Jo that lang was wo begone,
Argus her Zimmit that ene had mony one,
Quhome at the laſt Mercurius gart ſleip,
And hir deliuerit of tha danger deip;
I rememberit alſo how in a ſtone,
The wife of Loth y-changit ſair did weip.

LXX.

I umbethocht how Joue and auld Saturne,
Intill ane wolf thay did, Lycaon turne,
And how the michtie Nabuchodonozor,
In beiſtlie forme did on the feild ſojurne,
And for his gilt was maid to weip and murne.

Thir

Thir feirfull wonders gart me dreid-full ſoir ;
For by exemplis oft I hard tofoir.
He ſuld bewar that ſeis his fellow ſpurne,
Miſchance of ane, ſuld be an uthuris loir.

LXXI.

And rolland thus in diuers fantaſies
Terribill thochtis oft my hart did gryis,
For all remeid was alterit in diſpair.
Thair was na hope of mercie till deuyis,
Thair was na micht my friend be na kin wyis,
All haillelie the court was me contrair
Than was almaiſt written the ſentence ſair,
My febill minde ſeand this greit ſuppryis,
Was than of wit and euirie blis-full bair.

THE

PALICE OF HONOUR.

PART SECUND.

§ I.

TO thus amid this hard perplexitie,
Awaitand euer quhat moment I ſuld die,
Or than ſum new transfiguratioun.
He that quhilk is eternal veritie,
The glorious Lord, ringand in perſounis thre,
Prouydit hes for my ſaluatioun,
Be ſum gude ſpreitis Reuelatioun,
Quhilk interceſſioun maid I traiſt for me,
I forzet all Imaginatioun.

II.

All haill my dreid I tho forzet in hy,
And all my wo, bot zet I wiſt not quhy,
Save that I had ſome hope till be releuit,
I raiſit than my viſage haiſtelie,
And with a blenk anone I did eſpy,
A luik ſicht quhilk nocht my hart engreuit,
Ane heuinlie rout out throw the wod eſchewit
Of buhome the bountie gif I not deny,
Unetih may be intill ane ſcripture brewit.

III.

III.

With Lawreir crownit in Robbis ſide all new,
Of a Faſſoun and all of ſteidfaſt hew,
Arrayit weill ane court I ſaw come neir,
Of wiſe degeſt eloquent fathers trew,
And pleſand ladyis quhilks freſche bewtie ſchew,
Singand ſoftlie full ſweit on thair maner
On Poet wiſe, all diuers verſis ſeir,
Hiſtoryis greit in Latine toung and grew,
With freſche indite and ſoundis gude to heir.

IV.

And ſum of thame ad Lyram playit and ſang
Sa pleſand verſe quhill all the Roches rang
Metir Saphik, and alſo Elygie,
Thair inſtrumentis all maiſt war fidillis lang,
But with a ſtring quhilk neuer a wrieſt zeid wrang,
Sum had an harp and ſum a fair pſaltrie,
Deuydit weill and held the meaſure lang,
In ſoundis ſweit of Pleſand melodie.

V.

The Ladyis ſang in voices dulcorait
Facund epiſtillis quhilks quhylum Ovid wrait
As Phillis Quene, ſend till Duke Demophoon,
And of Penelope the greit regrait,
Send to hir Lord ſcho douting his eſtait,
That he at Troy ſuld loiſit be or tone
How Accontius till Cydippe anone
Wrait his complaint, thair hard I, weill, God wait,
With other luſtie miſſives mony one?

IV.

VI.

I had greit wonder of thay Ladyis ſeir,
Quhilks in that airt micht haue na compeir
Of Caſtis quent, rethorik colouris fine,
Sa poet like in ſubteill fair manier,
And eloquent firme cadence regulair.
Thair veyage furth contenand richt as line,
With ſang and play (as ſaid is) ſa deuine,
Thay faſt approching to the place weill neir,
Quhair I was torment into my greit pine.

VII.

And as that heuinlie ſort new nominate,
Remouit furth on gudlie wiſe thair gait.
Toward the court quhilk was to foir expremit,
My curage grew, for quhat cauſe I nocht wait,
Saif that I held me payit of thair eſtait;
And thay wer folk of knowledge as it ſemit,
Als into Venus court full faſt thay demit;
Sayand, zone luſtie court weill ſtop or meit,
To juſtifie this byſning quhilk blaſphemit.

VIII.

Zone is (quod thay) the court Rethoricall,
Of Poet termis ſingand Poeticall,
And conſtand ground of famous ſtories ſweit,
Zone is the facund well celeſtiall,
Zone is the fontane and originall,
Quhair fra the well of Helicon dois fleit,
Zone are the folks that comfortis euerie ſpreit,
Be fine delite and dite angelicall,
Cauſand gros leid, of maiſt gudneſs gleit.

IX.

Zone is the court of pleſand ſteidfaſtnes,
Zone is the court of conſtant merines,
Zone is the court of joyous diſcipline,
Quhilk cauſis folk thair purpois to expreſs,
In ornate wiſe prouokand with gladneſs,
All gentill hartis to thair lair inclyne,
Euerie famous poeit men may diuine,
Is in zone rout, to zonder thair princes,
Theſpis, mother of the muſis nine.

X.

And nixt hir ſine hir dochter firſt begot,
Lady Clio, quhilk craftilie dois ſet,
Hiſtoryis auld like as thay war preſent,
Euterpe eik whilk daylie dois hir det,
In dulce blaſtis of pypis ſweit but let;
The third ſiſter, Thalia, diligent
In wantown writ, and chronikill dois imprint,
The feird indytis oft with cheikis wet,
Sair tragedies, Melpomone the gent.

XI.

Terpſichore the fyft with humbill ſoun,
Makis on pſalteris modulatioun,
The ſixt Erato like thir lovers wilde,
Will ſing, daunce, and leip baith up and doun.
Polymnia, the ſeuint muſe of renoun,
Dytis thir ſweit rethorick colouris milde,
Quhilks are ſa pleſand baith to man and childe,
Urania, the aucht ſiſter with crown,
Writes the heuin and ſtarnis all bedene.

XII.

XII.

The nynt, quhome to nane uther is compeir,
Calliope the luſtie lady cleir,
Of quhom the bewtie and the worthineſs
Hir vertewis greit ſchynis baith far and neir,
For ſcho of nobill fatis hes the ſteir,
To write thair worſchip, victorie and prowes,
In kinglie ſtyle quhilk dois thair fame increſs,
Ecleipt in Latine heroicus, but weir
Chief of all write like as ſcho is maiſtres.

XIII.

Thir muſis nine lo zonder may ze ſee,
With freſche nymphes of water and of ſey,
And fair ladyis of thir tempillis auld,
Pyerides, Dryades and Saturee,
Nerides, Aones, Napee,
Of quhome the bounties neidis not be tauld,
Thus demit the court of Venus mony fauld:
Quhilk ſpeiche refreſhit my perplexitie,
Rejoiſand weill, my ſpreit befoir was cauld.

XIV.

The ſuddane ſicht of that firme court foreſaid,
Recomfort weill my hew befoir was faid,
Amid my ſpreit the joyous heit redoundit,
Behalding how the luſtie muſis raid,
And all thair court quhilk was ſa blyth and glaid,
Quhais merines all heuines confoundit,
Thair ſaw I weill in poetrie y-groundit,
The greit Homeir, quhilk in Greik language ſaid,
Maiſt eloquentlie, in quhome all witt y-boundit.

XV.

Thair was the greit Latine Virgilius,
The famous father Poeit Ouidius,
Dictes, Dares, and eik the trew Lucane,
Thair was Plautus Poggius, and Perſius,
Thair was Terence, Donate, and Seruius,
Francis Petrache, Flaccus Valériane,
Thair was Eſope, Cato, and Allane,
Thair was Gaultier and Beotius,
Thair was alſo the greit Quintilliane.

XVI.

Thair was the Satyr Poeit Juuenall,
Thair was the mixt and ſubteill martial
Of Thebes Brute, thair was the Poeit Stace,
Thair was Fauſtus and Laurence of the Vale,
Pomponius, quhais fame of late ſans faill,
Is blawin wyde throw eurie realm and place,
Thair was the moral wiſe Poet Horace,
With mony uther clerk of greit auail,
Thair was Brunnell, Claudius and Bocchace.

XVII.

Sa greit ane preis of pepill drew us neir,
The hundreth part thair names ar not heir,
Zit ſaw I thair of Brutus Albyon,
Geffray Chaucier, as a per ſe ſans peir
In his vulgare, and morall John Goweir.
Lydgate the monk raid muſing him alone,
Of this ſtatioun I knew alſo anone,
Greit Kennedie and Dunbar zit undeid,
And Quintine with ane huttock on his heid.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Howbeit I culd declair and weill indite,
The bounties of that court dewlie to write,
War ouir prolixit tranſcending mine ingine,
Tuitching the proces of my panefull ſite.
Beliue I ſaw thir luſtie muſis quhite,
With all thair rout toward Venus decline,
Quhair Cupide ſat with her in throne diuine,
I ſtandand bundin in ane ſorie plite,
Bydand thair grace, or than my deidlie pine.

XIX.

Straicht to thair Quene thir ſamin muſis raid,
Maiſt eloquentlie thair ſalutationis maid,
Venus again zald thame thair ſaluſing,
Richt reverentlie, and on hir feit upbraid,
Beſeikand thame to licht, nay, nay thay ſaid,
We may not heir mak na lang tarying,
Calliope maiſt facund and leening,
Inquirit Venus quhat wicht had hir miſmaid,
Or quhat was cauſe of hir thair ſojourning.

XX.

Sifter ſaid ſcho behald zone byſning ſchew,
A ſubtell ſmy, conſider weill his hew,
Standis thair bound, and bekinit hir to me,
Zone Catiue had blaſphemit me of new,
For to degraid, and do my fame adew,
A laitlie ryme diſpitefull and ſubtell
Compylet hes, reheirſand loud and hie,
Selander, Diſpite, ſorrow and velanie,
To me, my ſone, and eik our court for aye.

XXI.

He hes deſeruit deith, he ſall lie deid,
And we remaine forſuith into this ſteid,
To juſtifie that rebald rennegait,
Quod Calliopie, ſifter away all feid,
Quhy ſuld he die, quhy ſuld he lois his heid.
To ſlay him for ſa ſmall ane cryme God wait,
Greitar degrading war to zour eſtait,
To ſic as he to mak counter pleid,
How may ane ſule zour hie honour chek mait?

XXII.

Quhat of his lak, ſa wide zour fame is blaw,
Zour excellence maiſt peirles is ſa knaw,
Na wretchis word may depair zour hie name,
Giue me his life, and modifie the law,
For on my heid he ſtandis now ſic aw,
That he ſall efter deſerue neuer mair blame,
Nocht of his deith ze may report bot ſchame,
In recompence for his miſſettand ſaw,
He ſall zour heſt in euerie part proclame.

XXIII.

Than Lord how glaid became my febill goiſt,
My curage grew the whilk befoir was loiſt,
Seand I had ſa greit ane aduocait,
That expertlie but prayer, price or coſt,
Obtenit had my friwoll actioun almoſt,
Quhilk was befoir periſchit and deſolait:
This quhile Venus ſtude in ane ſtudie ſtrait,
Bot finallie ſcho ſchew till all the Oiſt
Scho wald do grace, and not be obſtinait.

XXIV.

XXIV.

I will ſaid ſcho haue mercie and pietie,
Do ſlaik my wraith, and let all rancour be;
Quhair is mair vice than to be ouer cruell?
And ſpecially in women ſic as me,
A lady, fy! that uſis tyrannie,
A vennomous ather and a ſerpent fell,
A vennemous dragoun or ane deuill of hell,
Is na compair to the iniquitie,
Of bald wemen, as thir wiſe clerkis tell.

XXV.

Greit God defend I ſuld be one of tho,
Quhilk of thair feid and malice never ho,
Out on ſic gram, I will haue na repreif,
Calliope, ſiſter, ſaid to Venus tho
At zour requeiſt this wretche ſall freely go
Heir I remit his treſpas, and all greif,
Sall be forget, ſa he ſall ſay ſum breif,
Or ſchort ballat in contrair pane and wo,
Twitching my Laude, and his pleſand relief.

XXVI.

And ſecundlie, the nixt reſſonabill command,
Quhilk I him charge, ſe that he nocht gane ſtand,
On thir conditiounonis ſiſter at zour requeiſt,
He ſall gang fre; quod Calliope inclinand,
Grant mercie ſiſter, I obleis be my hand,
He ſall obſerue in all pointis zour beheſt.
Than Venus bade do ſlaik ſone my arreiſt.
Belieue I was releuit of eurie band,
Uprais the court, and all the parlour ceiſt.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Tho ſat I down lawlie upon my kne,
At command of prudent Calliope,
Yeildand Venus thankis ane thouſand ſyith,
For ia hie friendſhip, and mercifull pietie,
Excelland grace, and greit humanitie,
The quhilk to me treſpaſſour did ſcho kyith,
I the forgiue, quod ſcho, than was I blyth,
Doun on ane ſtock I ſat me ſuddenlie
At hir command, and wrait this lay alſwyth.

XXVIII.

Unwemmit witt deliuerit of dangair,
Maiſt happelie deliuerit fra the ſnair,
Releuit fre of ſeruice and bondage,
Expell dolour, expell deſeiſis ſair,
Avoid diſpleſure womenting and cair,
Reſſaue pleſance, and do thy ſorrow ſwage,
Behald thy glaid freſche luſtie grene curage,
Rejoice amid thir louers but diſpair,
Prouide ane place to plant thy tender age,
In leſtand blis, to remane and repair.

XXIX.

Quha is in welth? Quha is weill fortunate?
Quha is in pietie diſſeuerit fra debait?
Quha leuis in hope, Wha leuis in eſperance,
Quha ſtandis in grace, Quha ſtandis in firm eſtait?
Quha is content, rejoycit air or lait,
Or Quha is he that fortoun dois auance?
Bot thow that is repleniſchet of pleſance,
Thow hes comfort, all weilfair delicate,

Thow

Thow hes glaidnes, thow hes the happie chance,
Thow hes thy will, Thow be nocht defolait.

XXX.

Incres in mirthfull confolatioun,
In joyous ſweit imaginatioun,
Abound in lufe of perfite amouris,
With diligent trew deliberatioun,
Rander louingis for thy ſalvatioun,
Till Venus, and under her guerdoun all houris,
Reſt at all eis, but ſair or ſitefull ſchouris,
Abide in quiet, maiſt conſtant weillfair,
Unwemmit wit deliuerit of all dangeir.

XXXI.

This lay was red in oppin audience,
Of the muſis and in Venus preſence,
I ſtand content thow art obedient,
Quod Calliope, my companion and defence.
Venus ſaid eik it was ſome recompence,
For my treſpas, I was ſa penitent,
And with that word all ſuddanelie ſcho went,
In ane inſtant ſcho and hir court was hence,
Zit ſtil abaid thir muſis on the bent.

XXXII.

Inclynand than, I ſaid Calliope,
My protectour, my help and my ſupplie,
My ſouerane lady, my redemptioun,
My mediatour, quhen I was dampnit to die,
I ſall beſeik the godlie majeſtie,
Infinite thankis, laude and beniſoun,
Zow till acquite, according zour renoun,

It

It langis nocht my poſſibilitie,
Till recompence ten part of this guerdoun.

XXXIII.

Gloir honour laude and reuerence conding,
Quha may forzeild zow of ſa hie ane thing,
And in that part zour mercie I imploir,
Submitting me my life time induring,
Zour pleſance and mandate till obeyſing.
Silence ſaid ſcho, I haue eneuch heirfoir,
I will thow wend and veſie wonderis moir,
Than ſcho me hes betaucht in keiping,
Of une ſweit nymphe maiſt faithfull and decoir.

XXXIV.

Ane hors I gat maiſt richelie beſene
Was harneiſt all with wodbind leuis grene,
Of the ſame ſute the trappours law doun hang
Ouir him I ſtraid at command of the quene,
The ſamin furth we ryding all bedene,
Als ſwift as thocht with mony a merie ſang,
My nymph alwayis conuoyit me of threng,
Amid the muſis to ſe quhat thay wald mene
Quhilks ſang and playit but neuer a wreiſt zeid wrang.

XXXV.

Throw countreis ſeir holtis and rockes hie,
Ouir vaillis planis woddis wallie ſey,
Ouir ſludis fair, and mony ſtrait mountane,
We war caryit in twinkling of ane eye,
Our horſis flaw, and raid nocht, as thocht me,
Now out of France turſit in Tuſkane,
Now out of Flanders heich up in Almanie,

Now into Egypt, now into Italie,
Now in the realm of Trace and now in Spane.

XXXVI.

The hie montanes we paſſit of Germanie,
Ouir appennynus devydand Italie,
Ouir Ryne, the Pow, and Tiber fluides fair,
Ouir Alpheus by pyſe, the riche cietie,
Under the eirth, that enters in the ſee,
Ouir Rone ouir Sane ouir France and eik ouir Lair,
And ouir Tagus the golden ſandit riuair,
In Theſſalie we paſſit the mont Oethe,
And Hercules in ſepulture fand thair.

XXXVII.

Thair went we ouir the riuair Peneyus,
In Sicill eik we paſſit the mont Tinolus;
Pleiniſht with ſaiffron honie and with wyne,
The twa toppit famous Parnaſus,
In Trace we went out ouir the mont Einus,
Quhair Orpheus leirit his Harmonie maiſt fyne,
Ouir Carmelus quhair twa prophetis deuyne,
Remainit, Helias, and Heliſeus,
Fra quhome the ordour of Carmelites came ſyne.

XXXVIII.

And nixt into the Land of Amaſon,
In haiſt we paſt the flude Termodyon,
And ouir the huge hill that hecht Mynas,
We raid the hill of Bacchus Citheron,
And Olympus the mont of Macedon,
Quhilk ſemis heich up in the heuin to paſs,
In that countrie we raid the flude Melas,

Quhais

Quhais water makis quhite ſchap blak anone,
In Europe eik we raid the ſlude Thanas.

XXXIX.

We raid the ſwift riuer Sparthiades,
The ſlude of Surry Achicorontes,
The hill ſa full of wellis eleipit Ida,
Armenie hills, and ſlude Euphrates,
The ſlude of Nyle the precious ſlude Ganges,
The hill of Sicill ay birnand Ethna,
And ouir the mont of Phrygie Dindama,
Hallowit in honour of the mother goddes,
Cauld Caucaſus we paſt in Sythia.

XL.

We paſſit the ſludis of Tigris and Phiſon
Of Thrace the riuers Hebrus and Strymon,
The mount of Modan and the ſlude Jordane,
The facund well and hill of Helicon,
The mont Eryx the well of Acheron,
Baith dedicate to Venus in certain,
We paſt the hill and deſert of Libane,
Ouir mont Cinthus quhair god Apollo ſchone,
Straicht to the muſis Caſtaline fountane.

XLI.

Beſide that criſtall well ſweit and digeſt,
Thame to repois, thair hors refreſche and reſt,
Alichtit doun thir muſis cleir of hew,
The companie all haillelie leiſt and beſt,
Thrang to the well to drink quhilk ran ſouth weſt,
Throw out ane meid quhair alkin flouris grew,
Amang the laif full faſt I did purſew,

To

To drink, bot ſa, the greit preis me oppreſt,
That of the water I micht not taſte a drew.

XLII.

Ouir horſis paſturit in ane pleſand plane,
Law at the fute of ane fair greene montane,
Amid ane meid ſchaddowit with Ceder treis
Saif fra all heit, thair micht we weil remain,
All kinde of herbis, flouris, frute, and greine,
With eurie growand tre thair men micht cheis,
The beryall ſtreams rinnand ouir ſtanerie gries,
Made ſober noyis, the ſchaw dinnet agane,
For birdis ſang and ſounding of the beis.

XLIII.

The ladyis fair on diuers inſtrumentis,
Went playand, ſingand, danſand, ouir the bentis,
Full angellik and heuinlie was their ſoun,
Quhat creature amid his hart imprintis,
The freſche bewtie the gudelie repreſentis?
The merrie ſpeiche, fair hauingis, hie renoun,
Of thame, wald ſet a wiſe man half in ſwoun,
Thair woman lines wryithit the elementis,
Stoneiſt the heuin and all the eirth adoun.

XLIV.

The warld may not conſidder nor deſcriue
The heuinlie joy the bliſs I ſaw believe,
Sa ineffable, abone my witt ſa hie,
I will na mair thairon my foreheid riue,
Bot briefly furth my febill proceſs drive,
Law in the meid an Palzeeron pitcht I ſe,
Maiſt gudlieſt, and richeſt that micht be,

My governour oftner than times fiue,
Unto that hald to paſs commandit me.

XLV.

Swa finally ſtraicht to that royall ſteed,
In fellowſchip with my leidar I zeid,
We enterit ſone, the portar was not thra,
Thair was na ſtopping lang demand nor pleid,
I kneillit law, and unheilded my heid,
And tho I ſaw our ladyis twa and twa,
Sittand on deiſſis, familiars to and fra,
Servand thame faſt with ypocras and meid,
Delicate meitis dainteis ſeir alſwa.

XLVI.

Greit was the preis, the feiſt royal to ſene,
At eis thay ate with interludis betwene,
Gaue problewmis ſeir and mony fair demandis,
Inquyrand quha beſt in their times had bene,
Quha triaſt lovers in luſtie zeirs grene,
Sum ſaid this way, and ſum thair to ganeſtandis,
Than Calliope, Ouide to appeir commandis,
My clerk quod ſcho of regiſter bedene,
Declair quha war maiſt worthie of thair handis.

XLVII.

With laurer crownit at hir commandement,
Upſtude this poet digeſt and eloquent,
And ſchew the fatis of Hercules the ſtrang,
How he the griſlie hellis hounds outrent,
Slew lyounis, monſturis, and mony fell ſerpent,
And to the deith feill michty gyantis dang.
Of Theſeus eik he ſchew the weiris lang,

Agane

Agane the quene Ypolita the ſweit,
And how he ſlew the Minotaur in Creit.

XLVIII.

Of Perſeus he tauld the knichtly deidis,
Quhilk vinquiſhed, as men in Ouide reidis,
Creuell tyrantis and monſtures mony one,
Of Dianis bair, in Callidon the dreidis,
How throw ane ladyis ſchot his ſydis bleidis,
The bretheris deith, and ſyne the ſiſter's mone,
He ſchew how king Pryamus ſone Pyſſacone,
After his deith, bodie and all his weidis,
Intill ane ſkarth transformit was anone.

XLIX.

He ſchew at Troy quhat wiſe the Greiks landis,
How feirs Achilles ſtranglit with his handis,
The valzeant Cygnus, Neptunes ſon maiſt deir,
Quhilk at Greiks arriual on the ſtrandis,
A thouſand ſlew that day upon the ſandis.
Faught with Achill and bluntit all his ſpeir,
Na wapin was that might him wound or deir,
Quhill Achilles briſt of his helme the bandis,
And wirryit him be force for all his feir.

L.

He ſchaw full mony tranſmutatiounis,
And wonderfull new figouratiounis,
Be hundrethis, mo than I haue heir expremit,
He tauld of lufis meditatiounis,
The craft of lufe and the ſalwatiounis,
How that the furie luſtis ſuld be ſlamet.
Of diuers uther matters als he demit,

And be his prudent ſchairp relatiounis,
He was expert of all thing as it ſemit.

LI.

Uprais the greit Virgilius anone,
And playit the ſportis of Daphnis and Corydone,
Sine Terence come, and playit the Comedy,
Of Parmeno, Thraſon and wiſe Gnatone,
Juuenall like ane mowar him allone,
Stude ſcornand, euerie man as thay zeid by,
Martial was cuik, till roiſt, ſeith, farce and fry,
And Poggius ſtude with mony girne and grone,
On Laurence Valla, ſpittand, and cryand fy.

LII.

With mirthis thus and meitis delicate,
Thir ladyis feiſtit according thair eſtait,
Uprais at laſt, commandand till tranoynt.
Retreit was blawn loude, and than God waite,
Men micht have ſene ſwift horſis haldin hait,
Schynand for ſweit, as thay had bene anoyit,
Of all that rout was neuer a prick diſjoynt,
For all our tary, and I furth with my mait,
Mountit on hors, raid ſamin in gude point.

LIII.

Ouir mony gudlie plane we raid bedene,
The vaill of Hebron, the camp Damaſcene,
Throw Joſaphat, and throw the luſtie vaill
Ouir waters wan, throw worthie woddis grene,
And ſwa at laſt on lifting up our ene,
We ſe the final end of our trauail,
Amid ane plane a pleſand roche to waill,

And

And euerie wicht free we that ficht had ſene,
Thankand greit God, their heidis law deuaill.

LIV.

With ſinging, lauching, merines and play,
Unto this roche we rydand furth the way,
Now mair to write for feir trimblis my pen,
The hart may not think nor mannis toung ſay,
The eir nocht heir, nor zit the eye ſe may,
It may not be be imaginit with men,
The heuinlie blis the perfite joy to ken,
Quhilk now I ſaw, the hundreth part, all day,
I micht not ſchaw thocht I had toungis ten.

LV.

Thocht all my members toungis war on raw,
I war not able the thouſand fauld to ſchaw,
Quhairfoir I feir ocht farther mair to write,
For quhidder I this in ſaul or bodie ſaw,
That wait I nocht, bot he that all dois know,
The greit God wait, in euerie thing perfite,
Eik gif I wald this auiſioun indite,
Jangleris ſuld it backbite, and ſtand nane aw,
Cry out on dreimis quilks are not worth an mite.

LVI.

Senthis till me all verity be kend,
I repute thus better to make ane end,
Than ocht to ſay that ſuld heiraris engreif,
On uther ſide thocht thay me vilipend,
I conſider prudent folk will commend,
The veritie, and ſic jangling repreif,
With quhais correctioun, ſupport and relief,

Furth to procied, this proces I pretend,
Traiſtand in God my purpois to eſcheif.

LVII.

Howbeit I may not euerie circumſtance,
Reduce perfitely in remembrance,
Myne ignorance zit ſum part ſall deuiſe,
Twitching this ſight of heuinlie ſweit pleſance,
Now emptie pen write furth, thy luſtie chance,
Schaw wonderis feill, ſuppois thow be not wiſe,
Be diligente and repelie the auiſe,
Be quick and ſchairp voidit of variance,
Be ſweit, and caus not gentill hartis griſe.

The

THE

PALICE OF HONOUR.

PART THIRD.

§ I.

ZE muſis nine be in my adiutorie,
That made me ſe this blis and perfite glorie,
Teiche me zowr facund caſtis eloquent,
Len me a recent ſchairp freſche memorie,
And caus me dewlie till indite this ſtorie,
Sum gracious ſweitneſs in my breiſt imprent,
Till mak the heirars bowſom and attent,
Reidand my wreitt illuminate with zour loir,
Infinite thankis randerand zow thair foir.

II.

Now briefly to my purpoiſe for till gone,
About the hill lay wayis mony one,
And to the hicht bot ane paſſage ingraue,
Hewin in the roche of ſlid hard marbell ſtone,
Agane the ſtone like to the glas it ſchone,
The aſcence was hie, and ſtrait for till conſaue,
Zit than thir muſis gudelie and ſuaue,
Alichtit down and clam the roche in hie,
With all the rout, out tane my nimphe and I.

III.

III.

Still at the hillis fute we twa abaid,
Than ſuddanlie my keipar to me ſaid,
Aſcend galland, than for feir I quoik,
Be not affrayit ſcho ſaid be not diſmayit,
And with that word up the ſtrait rod abraid,
I followit faſt, ſcho be the hand me tuiek,
Zit durſt I neuer for dreid behind me luik,
With meikle pain thus clam I neir the hicht,
Quhair ſuddanelie I ſaw ane griſlie ſicht.

IV.

As we approchit neir the hillis heid,
Ane terribill ſewch birnand in flammis reid,
Abhominabill, and how as hell to ſee,
All full of brinſtane, pick and bulling leid,
Quhair mony wretchit creature lay deid,
And miſerabill Catiues zelland loud on hie,
I ſaw, quhilk den micht weill compairit be,
Till Xanthus the ſlude of Troy ſa ſchill,
Birnand at Venus heſt contrair Achill.

V.

Amid our paſſage lay this uglie ſicht,
Nocht braid but ſa horribill to euerie wicht,
That all the warld to paſsit ſuld have dreid.
Weil I conſidderit na upper mair I micht,
And to deſcend ſa hidious was the hicht,
I durſt dot auenture for this eird on breid,
Trimbland I ſtude with teith chatterand gude ſpeid,
My nymphe beheld my cheir, and ſaid let be,
Thow ſall nocht aill, and lo the caus (quod ſche).

VI.

VI.

To me thow art committed, I ſall the keip,
Thir pieteous pepill amid this laithlie deip,
War wretchis quhilks in luſtie zeiris fair,
Pretendit thame till hie honour to creip,
Bot ſuddanlie thay fell on ſlewthfull ſleip,
Followand pleſance drownit in this loch of cair,
And with that word ſcho hint me be the hair,
Carpit me till the hillis heid anone,
As Abacuk was brocht in Babylone.

VII.

As we bene on the hie hill ſituait,
Luik down quod ſcho conſaue in quhat eſtait,
Thy wretchit warld thow may conſidder now,
At her command with meikill dreid God wait,
Out ouir the hill ſa hiddious hie and ſtrait,
I blent adoun and felt my body grow,
This brukill eird ſa litill till allow,
Me thocht I ſaw birn in ane fireie rage,
Of ſtormie ſey quhilk might na maner ſwage.

VIII.

That terribill tempeſt hiddeous wallis huge,
War maiſt griſlie for to behald or judge,
Quhair nouther reſt nor quiet micht appeir,
Thair was ane perrelous place folk for to lodge,
Thair was na help ſupport nor zit refuge,
Innumerabill folk I ſaw flotterand in feir,
Quhilk pereiſt on the walterand wallis weir,
And ſecundlie I ſaw a luſtie barge,
Ouirſett with ſeyis and mony ſtormy charge.

IX.

This gudelie Carwell taiklit traiſt on raw,
With Blanſchit ſaill milk quhite as ony ſnaw,
Richt ſouer, ticht and wonder ſtranglie beildit,
Was on the bairdin wallis quite ouirthraw,
Contrariouſlie the bufterous wind did blaw
In bubbis thick, that na ſchippis ſail micht weild it,
Now ſank ſcho law, now hie to heuin up heildit.
At everie part ſwa ſey windis draif,
Quhill on ane ſand the ſchip did birſt and Claif.

X.

It was a pieteous thing, alaik, alaik,
To heir the dulefull cry, quhen that ſcho ſtraik,
Maiſt lamentabill the pereiſt folk to ſe,
Sa famiſt drowkit, mait forewrocht and waik,
Sum on an Plank of fir tre, and ſum of aik,
Sum hang upon a takill, ſum on ane tre,
Sum fra thair grip ſone waſchin with the ſee,
Part drownit, part to the Roche fleit or ſwam,
On raipis or buirdis, ſine up the hill thay clam.

XI.

Tho' at my nymphe breiflie I did enquire,
Quhat ſignifyet that feirfull wonders ſeir,
Zone multitude ſaid ſcho of pepill drownit,
Ar faithles folk, Quhilks quhill thay ar heir,
Miſknawis God and followis thair pleſeir,
Quhair foir thay ſall in endlis fire be brint,
Zone luſtie ſchip zow ſeis perieſt and tint,
In quhome zone pepill maid ane perrelous race,
Scho hecht the Carwell of the ſtate of grace.

XII.

XII.

Ze bene all borne the ſonnis of Ire, I gues,
Sine throw Baptiſme gettis grace and faithfulnes,
Than in zone Carwell ſurelie ze remane,
Oft ſtormeſted with this wardlis brucklenes,
Quhill that ze fall in ſin and wretchitneſs,
Than ſchip broken ſall ze drown in endles pane,
Except by faith ze find the plank agane,
Be Chriſt working gude warkis I underſtand,
Remane thair with, thir ſall zow bring to laied.

XIII.

This may ſuffice, quod ſcho, twichand this part,
Return thy heid behald this uther art,
Conſidder wonders and be vigilant,
That thow may better endyten efterwart,
Things quhilkis I ſall the ſchaw or we depart,
Thow ſall haue fouth of ſentence and not ſcant,
Thair is na welth nor weill fair thow ſall want,
The greit Palice of Honour thow ſall ſe,
Lift up thy heid, behald that ficht quod ſche.

XIV.

At hir command I raiſit hie on hicht,
My viſage till behald that heuinlie ſicht,
Bot to diſcriue this matter in effect,
Impoſſibill war to ony eirdlie wicht,
It tranſcendis feir abone my micht
That I with ink may do bot paper blek,
I mon draw furth the zok lyis on my nek,
As of the place to ſay my leude auiſe,
Pleneiſt with pleſance like to Paradice.

XV.

I ſaw ane Plane of peirles puleritude,
Quhairin aboundit alkin thingis gude
Spyce, wine, corne, oyle, tre, frute, flour, herbis grene
All foullis beiſtis, birdis, and alkin fude,
All maner fiſches baith of ſey and flude,
War keipit in pondis of poleiſt ſiluer ſchene,
With purifyit water as of the criſtall clene,
To noy the ſmall the greit beiſtis had na will,
Nor Rauenous foulis the lytill volatill.

XVI.

Still in the ſeſſoun all thingis remanit thair,
Perpetuallie but outher noy or ſair,
Ay rypit war baith herbis frute and flouris,
Of euerie thing the names to declair,
Unto my febill witt unpoſſibill wair,
Amid the meid replet with ſweit odouris,
A palice ſtude with mony royal towris,
Quhair kyrnellis quent feill turettismen micht find,
And Goldin Thanis waifand with the wind.

XVII.

Pinnakillis, Fyellis, Turnpekkis mony one,
Gilt birneiſt torris, quhilk like to Phebus ſchone,
Skarſment, repriſe, corbell, and battellingis,
Fullzery bordouris of many precious ſtone,
Subtill muldrie wrocht mony day agone,
On Butterys, Ialme, Pillaris and pleſand ſpringis,
Quick Imagerie with mony luſtie ſingis,
Thair micht be ſene, and mony worthie wichtis,
Befoir the zet arrayit all at richtis.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Furth past my nymphe, I followit subsequent,
Straicht throw the plane to the first waird we went,
Of the palice, and enterit at the port,
Thair saw we mony staitlie tornament,
Lancis brokin, knichtis laid on the bent,
Plesand pastance, and mony lustie sport,
Thair saw we als, and sum time battell mort;
All thir quod scho, on Venus seruice vaikis,
In deidis of armis for thair ladyis saikis.

XIX.

Vesyand I stude the principal place but peir,
That heuinlie palice all of cristall cleir,
Wrocht as me thocht of polieſt berial stone,
Bosiliall nor oliab but weir,
Quhilk *sancta sanctorum* maid maist riche and deir,
Nor he that wroucht the temple of Salomon,
Nor he that buildit the royall Ylion,
Nor he that forgit Darius sepulture,
Culd not performe sa craftilie ane cure.

XX.

Studiand heiron my nymphe unto me spak,
Thus in a stair quhy standis thow stipifak,
Gouand all day, and nathing hes vesite,
Thow art prolixt in haist return thy bak,
Ga efter me and gude attendance tak,
Quhat now thow seis luik efterwart thow write,
Thow sall behald all Venus blis perfite,
Thairwith scho till ane garth did me conuoy,
Quhair that I saw eneuch of perfite joy.

XXI.

Amid ane throne with ſtanis riche ouir fret,
And claith of gold Lady Venus was ſet,
By hir, hir ſone Cupide quhilk nathing ſeis,
Quhair Mars enterit na knawledge micht I get,
Bot ſtraicht befoir Venus viſage but let,
Stude emeraut Stages twelf, grene precious greis,
Quhairon thair grew thre curious goldin treis,
Upſtandand weill the goddes face beforne,
Ane fair mirrour be thame quently upborne.

XXII.

Quhairof it makit was I haue na feill,
Of beriall, criſtall glas or birnieſt ſteill,
Of diamant, or of the carbunkill gem,
Quhat thing it was define may I not weill,
Bot all the bordour circulair euerie deill,
Was plait of gold, cais ſtock, and utter hem,
With vertious ſtanis picht that blude wald ſtem.
For quha that woundit was in the tornament,
Wor haill fra he upon the mirrour blent.

XXIII.

This royall relict ſa riche and radious,
Sa polieſt, pleſand, purifyit and precious,
Quhais bounteis half to write I not preſume,
Thairon to ſe was ſa delicious,
And ſa excelland ſchaddowis gracious,
Surmounting far in brichtnes to my dome,
The coiſtlie ſubtill ſpectakill of Rome,
Or zet the mirrour ſent to Canace,
Quhairin med micht mony wonders ſe.

XXIV.

XXIV.

In that mirrour I micht ſe at ane ſicht,
The deidis and fatis of euerie eirdly wicht,
All thingis gone like as thay war preſent,
All the creatiounis of the angells bricht,
Of Lucifer the fall for all his micht,
Adam firſt man and in the eirth yſent,
And Noyes flude thair ſaw I ſubſequent,
Babylon beild that towre of ſic renoun,
Of Sodomes the feill ſubuerſioun.

XXV.

Abraham, Iſaac, Jacob, Joſeph I ſaw,
Hornit Moyſes with his auld Hebrew law,
Ten plaiges in Egypt ſend for thair treſpas,
In the Red ſey with all his court on raw,
King Pharaoh drownit, that God wald neuer knaw,
I ſaw quhat wiſe the ſey deuydit was,
And all the Hebrewis dry fute ouir it pas,
Sine in deſert I ſaw thame fourty zeiris,
Of Joſue I ſaw the worthie weiris.

XXVI.

Of Judicum the battellis ſtrang anone,
I ſaw of Jepthe, and of Gedeone,
Of Amalech the cruel homicide,
The wonderfull workis of douchtie duke Samſone,
Quhilk ſlew a thouſand with ane aſſes bone,
Rent tempillis down, and zettis in his pride,
Of quhais ſtrength mervellis this warld ſa wide,
I ſaw duke Sangor thair with mony a knok,
Six hundreth men ſlew with ane pleuchis ſok.

XXVII.

The prophet Samuel ſaw I in that glas,
Anoyntit king Saull, quhais ſone Jonathas,
I ſaw vincus ane greit oiſt him alane,
Zoung Dauid ſla the griſſlie Golyas,
Quhais ſpeir heid wecht thre hundreth unces was,
Jeſbedonah the gyant mekill of mane,
Lay be the handis of michtie Dauid ſlane,
With fingers ſex on ather hand but weir,
Dauid I ſaw ſlay baith lyon and beir.

XXVIII.

This Dauid eik at ane onſet a ſtound,
Aucht hundreth men I ſaw him bring to ground,
With him I ſaw Banayas the ſtrang,
Quhilk twa lyounis of Moab did confound,
And gaue the ſtalwart Ethiop deidis wound,
With his awin ſpeir that of his hand he thrang.
Unauaſitlie this champion ſa I gang,
In a deip ciſtarne, and thair a lyoun fleuch,
Quhilk in a ſtorme of ſnaw did harm aneuch.

XXIX.

Of Salomon the wiſdome and eſtaite,
Thair ſaw I, and his riche tempill God wait,
His ſon Roboam quhilk throw his helie pride,
Tint all his leiges hartis be his fait,
He was to thame ſa outragious ungrait,
Of twelf tribes ten did fra him divyde,
I ſaw the angell ſla benichtis tide,
Four ſcoir thouſandis of Sennacheribs oiſt,
Quhilk came to weir on Jewry with greit boiſt.

XXX.

XXX.

I ſaw the life of the king Ezechy,
Prolongit fifteen zeir, and the prophet Hely,
Amid a firie chair to Paradice went,
The ſtoryis of Eſras and of Neemy,
And Daniell in the lyounis caue ſaw I,
For he the dragon ſlew, Bel brake and ſchent,
The children thre amyd the fornace ſent,
I ſaw the tranſmigratioun in Babylon,
And baith the buiks of Paralipomenon.

XXXI.

I ſaw the hailie arch angell Raphaell,
Marie Sara the douchter of Raguell,
On Tobias for his juſt father's ſaik,
And bind the cruell deuill that was ſa fell,
Quhilk ſlew hir ſeuin firſt huſbands as thay tell,
And how Judith Holiphernes heid off ſtraik,
By nichtis tyde and fred hir town fra wraik,
Jonas in the quhaillis womb dayis thre,
And ſchot furth ſine I ſaw at Niniue.

XXXII.

Of Job I ſaw the patience maiſt degeſt,
Of Alexander I ſaw the greit conqueſt,
Quhilk in twelf zeirs wan neir this warld on breid.
And of Anthiochus the greit unreſt,
How tyranlie he Jewrie all opreſt,
Of Machabeus full mony ane knicht lie deid,
Thae gart all Grece and Egypt ſtand in dreid,
Inquiet brocht his realme throw his prowes,
I ſaw his brether Symon and Jonathas.

XXXIII.

Quhilks war maiſt worthie quhil thair dayis rang,
Of Thebes eik I ſaw the weirs lang,
Quhair Tydeus allone ſlew fiftie knichtis,
How finallie of Grece the championis ſtrang,
All haill the flour of knichtheid in that thrang,
Deſtroyit was quhill Theſeus with his michtis,
The toun and Creon wan for all his ſlichtis,
Thair ſaw I how, as Statious dois tell,
Amphiorax the biſchop ſank to hell.

XXXIV.

The faithfull ladyis of Grece I micht confidder,
In claithis black all bair fute paſs togidder,
Till Thebes ſege fra thair lordis war ſlain,
Behald ze men that callis ladyis fidder,
And ſicht of laitis quhat kindnes brocht them hidder,
Quhat treuth and lufe did in thair breiſts remane,
I traiſt ze ſall reid in na wriet agane,
In an realme ſa mony of ſic conſtance,
Perſaue thairby wemen ar till duance.

XXXV.

Of duke Pirichous the ſponſage in that tide,
Quhair the Centauris reft away the bride,
Thair ſaw I and thair battell hudge to ſe,
And Hercules quhais renoun walkis wide,
For Ixiona law by Troyis ſide,
Faucht and ouircome a monſtour in the ſey,
For quhilk quhen his rewaird donyit was he,
Maid the firſt ſiege and the deſtructioun,
Of michtie Troy, quhylum that royall town.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

To win the fleis of gold tho' ſaw I ſent,
Of Grece the nobillis with Jaſon conſequent,
Haill thair conqueſt, and all Medeas ſlichtis,
How for Jaſon ypſip hilie was ſchent,
And how at Troy as thay to Colchos went,
Greikis tholit of king Laomedon greit unrichtis,
Quhairfoir Troy deſtroyit was be thair michtis,
Ixiona reuiſt and Laomedon ſlane,
Bot Pryamus reſtorit the toun agane.

XXXVII.

The judgement of Paris ſaw I ſine,
That gaue the apill as poetis can define,
Till Venus as goddes maiſt gudlie,
And how in Grece he reuiſchit quene Helen,
Quhairfoir the Greikis with thair greit navie,
Full mony thouſand knichtis haſtilie,
Thame till reuenge faillit towart Troy in hy,
I ſaw how be Ulixes with greit joy,
Quhatwiſe Achill was found and brocht to Troy.

XXXVIII.

The cruell battellis and the dintis ſtrang,
The greit debate, and eik the weiris lang,
At Troyis feige, the mirrour to me ſchew,
Suſtenit ten zeirs Greikis Trojanis amang,
And ather partie ſet full aſt in thrang,
Quhair that Hector did douchtie deids anew,
Quhill feirce Achill baith him and Troylus ſlew,
The greit hors maid I ſaw, and Troy fine tint,
And fair Ilion all in flammis brint.

XXXIX.

Sine out of Troy, I ſaw the fugitiues,
How that Eneas as Virgil weill diſcryiues,
In countries ſeir was by the ſeyis rage,
Bewauit oft, and how that he arriues,
With all his Flote, but danger of thair liues,
And how thay war reſſett baith man and page,
Be quene Dido remanand in Carthage,
And how Eneas ſine as that they tell,
Went for to ſeik his father doun to hell.

XL.

Ouir Stix the ſtude I ſaw Eneas fair,
Quhair Charon was the buſteeres ferriar,
The ſtudes four of hell thair micht I ſe,
The folk in pane, the wayis circulair,
The welterand ſtone wirk Syſipho micht cair,
And all the pleſance of the camp Eliſe,
Quhair auld Anchiſes did commoun with Enee,
And ſchew be line all his ſucceſſioun,
This ilk Eneas maiſt famous of renoun.

XLI.

I ſaw to goddes make the ſacrifice,
Quhairof the ordour and maner to deuiſe,
War ouir prolext; and how Eneas ſine,
Went to the ſchip and eik I ſaw quhat wiſe,
All his nauie greit hunger did ſurpriſe,
How he in Italie finallie with greit pyne,
Arryuit at the Strandis of Lauyne,
And how he faucht weill baith on landis and ſeys,
And Turnus ſlew the king of Rutileis.

XLII.

XLII.

Rome ſaw I beildit firſt be Romolus,
And eik how lang as writes Liuius,
The Roman kingis abone the pepill rang,
And how the wicklt proud Tarquinius,
With wife and baivis be Brutus Junius,
War expelit Rome for thair inſufferabill wrang,
Bot all the proces for ill ſchaw war lang,
How chaiſt Lucrece the gudlieſt and beſt,
Be Sextus Tarquine was cruellie oppreſt.

XLIII.

The Punick battellis in that mirrour clear,
Betwene Carthage and Romanis mony zeir,
I ſaw becauſe Eneas piteous,
Fled fra Dido be admonitiounis ſeir,
Betwene thir pepill rais ane langſum weir;
I ſaw how worthie Marcus Regulus,
Maiſt vailzeand, prudent and victorious,
Howbeit he micht at libertie gone fre,
For commoun profite cheifit for to die.

XLIV.

Tullus Seruilius douchtie in his daw,
And Marcus Curtius eik in the mirrour I ſaw,
Quhilk throw his ſtoutneſs in the fiery gap,
For commoun profite of Rome himſelf did thraw,
Richt unabaiſitlie hauand na dreid nor aw,
Mountit on hors, unarmit thairin lap;
And Hanniball I ſaw be fatall hap,
Win contrair Romanis mony fair victorie,
Quhill Scipio eclipſit all his glorie.

XLV.

XLV.

This worthie Schipio cleipit Aphricane,
I ſaw vincus this Hanniball in plane,
And Carthage bring unto finall ruine,
And ſine to Rome conquerit the realme of Spane.
How king Iugurtha hes his brether ſlane,
Thair ſaw I eik and of his weir the fine,
Richt weill I ſaw the battleis inteſtine,
Of Catilina and of Lentulus,
And betwene Pompey and Ceſar Julius.

XLVI.

And breiflie euerie famous douchtie deid,
That men in ſtorie may ſe, or chronikill reid;
I micht behald in that mirrour expreſs,
The miſerie, the crueltie, the dreid,
Pane, ſorrow, wo, beith wretchitnes and neid,
The greit inuy, couetouſneſs, doublenes,
Tuitchand warldlie unfaithfull brukilneſs,
I ſay the feind faſt folkis to vices tyſt,
And all the cumming of the Antechriſt.

XLVII.

Pleſand debaitments quha ſa richt reportis,
Thair micht be ſene, and all manner diſportis,
The Falcounis for the riuer at thair gait,
Mewand the foullis in periculo mortis,
Layand thame in be companeis and ſortis,
And at the plunge part ſaw I handillit hait,
The werie hunter beſie air and lait,
With queſting houndis ſeirching to and fra,
To hunt the Hart, the Bair, the Da, the Ra.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

I ſaw Raf Coilzear with his thraw in brow,
Craibit Johne the Reif and auld Cow kewpis ſow,
And how the wran came out of Ailſſay,
And Peirs Plewman that maid his workmen few,
Greit Gowmaemorne and Fyn-Mac Cowl, and how
Thay ſuld be goddis in Ireland as thay ſay;
Thair ſaw I Maitland upon auld Beird Gray,
Robene Hude and Gilbert with the quhite heind,
How Hay of Nauchton flew, in Madin land.

XLIX.

The Nigromancie thair ſaw I eik anone,
Of Benytas, Bongo and Frier Bacone,
With mony ſubtill point of juglairie,
Of Flanders piis made mony precious ſtone,
Ane greit laid ſadill of a ſiching bone,
Of ane Nutmug thay maid a Monk in hy,
Ane paroche kirk of ane penny pye,
And Benytas of an Muſſell maid an Aip,
With mony uther ſubtill mew and ſaip.—

L.

And ſchortlie to declair the verity,
All plefand paſtance and gammis that micht be,
In that mirrour war preſent to my ſicht,
And as I wonderit on that greit ferlie,
Venus at laſt in turning of her eye,
Knew weill my face, and ſaid be goddis micht,
Ze bene welcome my preſonair to this hicht,
How paſſit zow quod ſcho this hiddeous deip,
Madame, Quod I, I not mair than ane ſcheip.

LI.

Na force thairof ſaid ſcho, ſen thow art heir,
How pleſis the our paſtance and effeir,
Glaidlie (quod I) madame, be God of heuin,
Rememberis thow ſaid ſcho without in weir,
On thy promit quhen of thy greit dangeir,
I the deliuerit. As now is not to neuin,
Than anſwerit I agane with ſober ſteuin,
Madame zour precept quhat ſa be zour will,
Heir I remane all reddy to fullfill.

LII.

Weill weill, ſaid ſcho, thy will is ſufficient,
Of thy bowſome anſwer I ſtand content,
Than ſuddanlie in hand ane buik ſcho hint,
The quhilk to me betaucht ſcho or I went,
Commandand me to be obedient,
And put in Ryme that proces than quite tint,
I promiſit hir forſuith or ſcho wald ſtint,
The buik reſſauand, thairon my cure to preif,
Inclynand fine, lawlie I tuik my leif.

LIII.

Tuitchand this buik peraduenture ze ſall heir,
Sum time after quhen I haue mair laſeir,
My nimphe in haiſt ſcho hint me be the hand,
And as we ſamyn walkit furth in ſeir,
I the declair quod ſcho zone mirrour cleir,
The quhilk thow ſaw befoir Dame Venus ſtand,
Signifyis nathing ellis to underſtand,
Bot the greit bewtie of thir ladyis facis,
Quhairin loners thinks thay behald all graces.

LIV.

LIV.

Scho me conuoyit finallie to tell,
With greit pleaſance ſtraicht to the riche caſtell,
Quhair mony ſaw I preis to get ingres,
Thair ſaw I Sinon and Achitophell,
Preiſſand to climb the wallis, and how they fell.
Lucius Cattaline ſaw I thair expreſs,
In at an window preis to haue entraſe,
But ſuddanlie Tullius come with ane buik,
And ſtraik him down quhill all his chaftis quoik.

LV.

Faſt climmand up thay luſtie wallis of ſtone,
I ſaw Jugurtha and treſſonabill Tryphone,
Bot thay na grippis thair micht hald for ſlidder.
Preſſand to clim ſtude thouſands meny ane,
And to the ground thay fallin euerie one.
Than on the wall ane Garritour I conſidder,
Proclaimand loude that did thair hartis ſwidder;
Out on all falſheid the mother of euerie vice,
Away inuy and birnand couetice.

LVI.

That Garitour tho' my nimphe unto me tald,
Was cleipit Lawtie keipar of that hald,
Of hie honour, and thay pepill outſchett,
Swa preiſſand thame to clim quhylum war bald,
Richt verteous zoung bot fra time thai wox ald,
Fra honour haill on vice thair mynde is ſet.
Now ſall thow go, ſaid ſcho, ſtraicht to the zet,
Of this palice and enter but offence,
For the porter is cleipit patience.

LVII.

The michtie prince, the greiteſt emperour,
Of zone palice, quod ſcho, hecht hie honour,
Quhome to dois ſerue mony traiſt officair,
For Cheritie of gudlineſs the flour,
Is maiſter houſhald in zone criſtall tour,
Firme Conſtance is the kingis ſecretair,
And Liberalitie hecht his theſaurair,
Innocence and Deuotioun as effeiris,
Bene clerkis of cloſet and cubiculairis.

LVIII.

His comptrollar is cleipit diſcretioun,
Humanitie and trew relatioun,
Bene Iſcharis of his chalmer morne and ewin,
Peice, quiet Reſt oft walkis up and down,
Intill his hall as Marſchalls of renoun,
Temperance is cuik his meit to taiſt and prief,
Humilitie carver, that na wicht liſt to greif,
His maiſter ſewar hecht verteous diſcipline,
Mercie is copper and mixes weill his wine.

LIX.

His Chancelair is cleipit Concience,
Quhilk for na meid will pronounce fals ſentence,
With him ar Aſſeſſouris four of ane aſſent,
Science, Prudence, Juſtice, Sapience,
Quhilks to na wicht liſtin commit offence.
The Chekker rollis and the Kingis tent,
As Auditouris, thay ouirſee what is ſpent,
Laubourius diligence, Gude Warkis Clene liuing,
Bene Outſtewartis and Catouris to zone king.

LX.

Gude Hope remains euer among zone ſort,
And fine minſtrail with mony mow and ſport,
And Peitie is the kingis almoſeir,
Syne Fortitude the richt quha lis report,
Is Leutenand all wretchis to comfort;
The Kingis Minzeoun roundand in his eir,
Hecht veritie did neuer leill man deir,
And ſchortlie euerie vertew and pleſance,
Is ſubject to zone Kingis obeyſance.

LXI.

Cum on, ſaid ſcho, this ordinance to viſite,
Than paſt we to the criſtall palice, quhite
Quhair I abade the entrie to behald,
I bad na mair of pleſance nor delite,
Of luſtie ſicht, of joy and bliſs perfite,
Nor mair weilfare to haue abone the mold,
Than for to ſee that zett of birniſhed gold,
Quhairon thair was moſt curiouſlie ingraue,
All naturall thingis men may in eird conſaue.

LXII.

Thair was the eirth invironit with the ſey,
Quhairon the ſchippis ſailland micht I ſe,
The Air, the Fire, all the four Elementis,
The Spheiris ſeuen and Primum mobile,
The Signis tuelf perfectlie euere gre,
The Zodiack haill as buiks repreſentis,
The Pole antartick that euer himſelf abſentis,
The Pole artick and eik the Urſis twain,
The Seuin ſtarnis, Phaton and the Charlewane.

LXIII.

Thair was ingraue how that Ganymedes
Was reift till heuin, as men in Ouide reidis;
And unto Juppiter maid his cheif butlair.
The douchteris fair into thair luſtie weidis,
Of Dryada, amid the ſey but dreidis,
Swymmand and part war figurit thair,
Upon ane craig dryand thair zallow hair,
With facis not unlike for quha them ſeing
Micht weill conſidder that thay all ſiſteris being.

LXIV.

Of Planeitis all the conjunctiounis,
Thair epiſtillis and oppoſitiounis,
War portrait thair, and how thair courſis ſwagis
Thair natural and daylie motiounis,
Eclipſis, aſpectis and digreſſiounis,
Thair ſaw I, and mony gudlie perſonages,
Quhilks ſemit all luſtie quick images.
The warkmanſchip exceeding mony fold,
The precious mater thocht was ſyneſt gold.

LXV.

Wonderand heiron agane my will but let,
My nymphe in greif ſchot me in at the zet,
Quhat deuill, (ſaid ſcho) hes thow nocht ellis ado,
Bot all thy wit and fantaſie to ſet
On ſic doting, and tho' for feir I ſwet,
Of hir langage, bot than anone ſaid ſcho,
Liſt thow ſe farlies, behald thame zonder lo,
Zit ſtudie nocht ouir mekill adreid thow warie,
For I perſaue the halflings in ane Farie.

LXVI.

LXVI.

Within that Palice ſone I gat ane ſicht,
Quhair walkand went full mony worthie wicht
Amid the clois, with all mirthis to waill,
For like Phebus with fyrie bemis bricht,
The wallis ſchane caſtand ſa greit ane licht,
It ſemit like the heuin Imperiall,
And as the Cedar ſurmountis the Rammal
In perfite hicht ſa of that Court a glance
Exceidis far all eirldlie vane pleſance.

LXVII.

For lois of ſicht conſidder micht I nocht,
How perfitelie the riche wallis war wrocht,
Swa the refler of chriſtall ſtanis ſchone,
For brichtnes ſcarſlie blenk thairon I mocht,
The purifyit ſiluer ſurelie as me thocht,
Inſteid of Symont was ouir all that wone,
Zit round about full mony ane beriall ſtone,
And thame conjunctlie jonit faſt and quemit,
The clois was pachit with ſiluer as it ſemit.

LXVIII.

The durris and the windois all were breddit,
With maſſie gold, quairof the fynes ſcheddit,
With birneiſt Euir baith Palice and Towris,
War theikit weill maiſt craftilie that cled it,
For ſa the quhitely blanſchit bone ouirſpredit,
Midlit with gold anamalit all colouris,
Importurait of birdis and ſweit flowris,
Curious knottis, and monie hie deuiſe,
Quhilks to behald war perfite paradice.

LXIX.

And to proceed my nymphe and I furth went,
Straicht to the Hall throwout the Palice gent,
And ten ſtages of Topas did aſcend,
Schute was the door in at a boir I blent,
Quhair I beheld the glaideſt repreſent,
That euer in eirth I wretchit catiue kend,
Breiflie this proceſs to conclude and end,
Me thocht the flure was all of Amytiſt,
Bot quhairof war the wallis I not wiſt.

LXX.

The multitude of precious ſtainis feir,
Thairon ſa ſchone my febill ſicht but weir,
Micht not behald thair verteous gudlines,
For all the ruif as did to me appeir,
Hang full of pleſand lowpit ſapheiris cleir,
Of Dyamontis and Rubies as I ges,
War all the buirdis maid of maiſt riches,
Of ſardanis, of jaſp and ſmaragdane,
Traiſts, formis, and benkis, war poleiſt plane.

LXXI.

Baith to and fro amid the Hall thay went,
Royall Princes in plait and armouris quent,
Of birnieſt gold couchit with precious ſtanis.
Enthronit ſat ane God Omnipotent,
On quhais glorious viſage as I blent,
In extaſie be his brichtneſs atanis
He ſmote me doune, and briſſit all my banis,
Thair lay I ſtill in ſwoun with colour blanche,
Quhill at the laſt my nymphe up hes me caucht.

LXXII.

LXXII.

Sine with greit pane, with womenting and cair,
In hir armis ſcho bair me doun the ſtair,
And in the cloiſ full ſoftlie laid me doun,
Upheld my heid to tak the hailſome air,
For of my life ſcho ſtude in greit diſpair,
Me till awalk was ſtill that Lady boun,
Quhilk finallie out of that deidlie ſwoun,
I ſwyith ouircome, and up mine ene did caſt,
Be merrie man, quod ſcho, the worſt is paſt.

LXXIII.

Get up, ſcho ſaid, for ſchame be na cowart,
My heid in wed thow hes ane Wyfes hart,
That for a pleſand ſicht was ſa miſmaid,
Than all in anger upon my feit I ſtart,
And for hir wordis war ſa apirſmart,
Unto the nymphe I maid a bufteous braid,
Carling, (quod I) quhat was zone that thow ſaid,
Soft zow, (ſaid ſcho) thay are not wyſe that ſtryfis,
For kirkmen war ay gentill to the Wyifis.

LXXIV.

I am richt glaid thow art worthin ſa wicht,
Lang eir me thocht yow had nouther force nor micht,
Curage nor will for to haue greiuit a fla,
Quhat aillit the to fall? quod I, the ſicht,
Of zone goddes grim fyrie viſage bricht,
Ouir-ſet my wit and all my ſperiets ſwa,
I micht not ſtand, bot was that ſuith za, za.
Than ſaid the nymphe richt merilie and leuch,
Now I conſidder thy mad hart weill aneuch.

LXXV.

LXXV.

I will na mair, quod ſcho, the thus aſſay,
With ſic pleſance as may thay ſpreitis affray,
Zet ſall thow ſe ſurely ſen thow art heir,
My Ladyis court in thair gudlie array;
For to behald thair mirth cum on thy way,
Than hand in hand ſwyith went we forth in feir,
At a poſterne towart the fair herbier,
In that paſſage full faſt at her I franit,
Quhat folk thay war within that hall remanit.

LXXVI.

Zone was, ſaid ſcho, quha ſa the richt diſcriues,
Maiſt valzeand folk and verteuous in thair liues,
Now in the court of honour thay remain,
Verteouſlie, and in all pleaſance thriues,
For thay with ſpeir, with ſwordis, and with kniues,
In juſt battell war fundin maiſt of mane,
In thair promittis thay ſtude euer firme and plane,
In thame aboundit worſchip and lawtie,
Illuminate with liberallitie.

LXXVII.

Honour, quod ſcho, to this heuenlie Ring,
Differs richt far fra warldlie gouerning,
Quhilk is bot pompe of eirldlie dignitie,
Giuen for effait of blude, micht or ſic thing,
And in this countrie Prince, Prelate, or King,
Allanarlie ſall for vertew honourit be,
For eirdlie gloir is nocht bot vanitie,
That as we ſe ſa ſuddenlie will wend,
Bot verteous honour neuer mair ſall end.

LXXVIII.

LXXVIII.

Behald ſaid ſcho, and ſe this warldlis gloir,
Maiſt inconſtant maiſt, ſlid, and tranſitoir,
Proſperitie in eird is but a dreme,
Or like as man war ſteppand ouir ane ſcoir,
Now is he law that was ſa hie befoir,
And he quhylum was borne pure of his deme,
Now his eſtait ſchynis like the ſone beme,
Baith up and doun, baith to and fra, we ſe,
This warld walteris, as dois the wallie ſey.

LXXIX.

To papis, biſchoppis, prelatis and primatis,
Emperouris, kingis, princes, proteſtatis,
Deith ſettis the terme and end of all thair hicht,
Fra thay be gane, let ſe quha on thame waitis,
Nathing remanis bot fame of thair eſtaitis,
And nocht ellis bot verteuous warkis richt,
Sall with thame wend nouther thair pompe nor micht
Ay vertew ringis in leſtand honour cleir,
Remember than that vertew hes na peir.

LXXX.

For vertew is a thing ſa precious,
Quhairof the end is ſa delicious,
The warld cannot conſidder quhat it is,
It makis folk perfite and glorious,
It makis ſanctis of pepill vitious,
It cauſis folk ay live in leſtand blis,
It is the way to hie honour I wis,
It dantis deith and euerie vice throw micht,
Without vertew fy on all eirldlie wicht.

LXXXI.

LXXXI.

Vertew is eik the perfite ſicker way,
And nocht ellis till leſtand honour ay,
For mony hes ſene vitious pepill uphyit,
And efter ſoone thair glorie vaniſchit away,
Quhair of examplis we ſe this euerie day,
His eirdie pompe is gone quhen that he diet,
Than is he with na eirdlie friend ſuppleit,
Saifand vertew weillis him hes ſic a feir,
Now will I ſchaw, quod ſcho, what folk bene here.

LXXXII.

The ſtrangeſt Sampſoun is into zone hald
The feirce puiſſant Hercules ſa bald,
The feirce Achill, and all the nobillis nyne,
Scipio Affricane, Pompeius the ald,
Uther mony quhais namis befoir are tald,
With thouſandis ma than I may heir defyne,
And luſtie ladyis amid thay lordis ſyne,
Semiramis, Thamir, Hippolita,
Pentheſſilea, Medea, Zenobia.

LXXXIII.

Of thy regioun zonder bene honourit part,
The kingis Gregour, Kenneth, and king Robert;
With uther ma that bene not heir reheirſit:
Waryit, quod ſcho, ay be thy megir hart,
Thow ſuld have ſene had thow biddin in zone airt,
Quhat wiſe zone heuenlie company conuerſit,
Wa worth thy febill brane ſa ſone was perſſit,
Thow micht haue ſene remanand quhair thow was,
Ane huge pepill puneiſt for thair treſpas.

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

Quhilks be wilfull manifeſt arrogance,
Inuyous pride, pretendit ignorance,
Foul doubillneſs and diſſait unamendit,
Enforces thame thair ſelfis to auance,
Be ſle falſheid, but lawtie or conſtance,
With ſubtelneſs and ſlichtis now commendit,
Betraiſand folk that neuer to thame offendit,
And upheis thameſelf throw fraudfull lippis,
Thocht God caus oft thair eirdlie gloir eclippis.

LXXXV.

And noblis cummin of honourabill anceſtrie,
Thair verteuous nobilitie ſettis nocht by,
For diſhoneſt unlefull warldie wayis,
And throw corruptit couetous Inuy,
Bot he that can be dowbill, nane is ſet by,
Diſſait is wiſdome, lawtie, honour away is,
Richt few or nane takis tent thairto thir dayis,
And thair greit wrangis to reforme, but let,
In judgement zone God was zonder ſet.

LXXXVI.

Remanand zonder thow micht haue hard beliue,
Pronouncit the greit ſentence definitiue,
Tuitchand this actioun and the dreidfull pane,
Execute on tranſgreſſours zit on liue,
Swa that thair malice ſall na mair preſcriue.
Madame, quod I, for Goddis ſake turn again,
My ſpreit deſyris to ſe thair torment ſane,
Quod ſcho, richt now thair ſall thow be rejoiſit,
Quhen thow hes tane the air and better appoiſit.

LXXXVII.

LXXXVII.

Bot firſt thow ſall conſidder commodities,
Of our garding, ſo full of luſtie tries,
All hie cypreſs of flewer maiſt fragrant,
Ouir ladyis zonder biſſie as the beis,
The ſweit flureiſt flouris of rethories,
Gadderis full faſt mony grene tender plant,
And with all pleſance plenieſht is zone hant,
Quhair precious ſtanis on treis dois abound,
In ſteid of frute chargit with peirles round.

LXXXVIII.

Unto that gudlie garth thus we proceid,
Quhilk with a large foufie far on breid,
Inueronit was quhair fiſches war enew,
All water foullis war ſwemand thair gude ſpeid,
Alſe out of growand treis thair ſaw I breid,
Fowlis that hingand be thair nebbis grew.
Out quir the ſtank of mony diuers hew,
Was laid ane tre ouir quhilk behouit us paſs,
Bot I can not declair quhairof it was.

LXXXIX.

My nymphe went ouir, chargeand me follow faſt,
Hir till obey my ſpreitis wer agaſt,
Sa perrilous was the paſſage till eſpy,
Away ſcho went and fra time ſcho was paſt,
Upon the brig I enterit at the laſt,
Bot ſa my harnis tremblit befily,
Quhill I fell ouir and baith my feit ſlade by
Out ouir the heid into the ſtank adoun,
Quhair as me thocht I was in point to droun.

XC.

Quhat throw the birdis ſang and this affray,
Out of my ſwoon I walkinit quair I lay,
In the garding quhair I firſt down fell,
About I blent, for richt clier was the day,
Bot all this luſtie pleſance was away,
Me thocht that fair Herbrie maiſt like hell,
In till compair of this ze hard me tell,
Allace, allace, I thocht me than in pane,
And langit ſair for to haue ſwemit agane.

XCI.

The birdis ſang nor zet the merrie flouris,
Micht not ameis my greiuous greit dolouris,
All eirdlie thing me thocht barrane and vile,
Thus I remanit into the garth two houris,
Curſand the feildis with all the fair colouris,
That I awoke oft wariand the quhile,
Alwiſe my mynde was on the luſtie ile,
I purpoiſet euer till haue duelt in that art,
Of rethorick colouris till haue found ſum part.

XCII.

And maiſt of all my curage was agreuit,
Becaus ſa ſone I of my dreme eſchewit,
Not ſeand how thay wretchis war torment,
That honour mankit and honeſtie miſcheuit,
Glaidlie I wald amid this writ haue breuit,
Had I it ſene how thay wer ſlane or ſchent,
Bot fra I ſaw all this weilfare was went,
Till make an end, ſittand under a tree,
In laud of honour I wrait thir verſis thre.

XCIII.

O hie honour, ſweit heuinlie flour digeſt,
Gem verteuous, maiſt precious, gudlieſt,
For hie honour thou art guerdown conding,
Of worſchip kend the glorious end and reſt,
But quhome in richt na worthie wicht may leſt,
Thy greit puiſſance may maiſt auance all thing,
And pouerall to meikall auaill ſone bring,
I the require ſen thow but peir art beſt,
That efter this in thy hie blis we ring.

XCIV.

Of grace thy face in euerie place ſa ſchynis,
That ſweit all ſpreit beith heid and feit inclynis,
Thy gloir, afoir for till imploir remeid.
He docht richt nocht quhilk out of thocht the tynis,
Thy name bot blame and royal fame diuine is,
Thow port at ſchort of our comfort and reid,
Till bring all thing till glaiding efter deid,
All wicht but ſicht of thy greit micht ay crymis,
O ſcheme I mene nane may ſuſtene thy feid.

XCV.

Haill rois maiſt chois till cloiſ thay fois greit micht,
Haill ſtone quhilk ſchone upon the throne of licht,
Vertew quhais trew ſweit dew ouir threw all vice,
Was ay ilk day gar ſay the way of licht,
Amend, offend and ſend our end ay richt,
Thow ſtant, ordant, as fanct of grant maiſt wiſe,
Till be ſupplie, and the hie gre of price,
Delite the Cite me quite of ſite to dicht,
For I apply ſchortly to thy deuiſe.

The Author directis his buik to the Richt Nobill and Illuſter Prince JAMES *the Feird, King of Scottis.*

Triumpous laud with palme of victorie,
The Lawret Crowne of Infinit Glorie,
Maiſt gracious Prince, ouir ſouerain James the Feird,
Thy Majeſtie mot haue eternallie.
Supreme honour, renoun of cheualrie,
Felicitie perdurand in this eird,
With eterne blis in heiuin by fatal weird,
Reſſaue this rouſtie rural Rebaldrie,
Laikand cunning, fra thay pure leige unleird.

Quhilk in the ficht of thy magnificence,
Confidand in ſa greit beneuolence
Proponis thus my vulgar ignorance
Maiſt humbillie with dew obedience,
Beſeikand oft thy michtie exellance,
Be grace to pardoun all ſic variance
With ſum beneing reſpect of firm conſtance
Remittand my pretended negligence,
Thow quhais micht may humble thing auance.

Breif breizal quhair of eloquence all quite,
With ruſſet weid and ſentence imperfite,
Till cummin plane, ſe that thow not pretend the
Thy barrant termis, and thy vile indite
Shall not be mine, I will not have the wite,
For as for me I quit clame that I kend the,
Thow are bot ſtouth, thift-louis, licht bot lite,
Not worth ane mite, pray ilk man to amend the,
Fair on with fite and on this wiſe I end the.

FINIS.

VINCIT TANDEM VERITAS.

PROLOGUES,

WRITTEN BY

GAWIN DOUGLAS,

AND SELECTED FROM HIS TRANSLATION OF

VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

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THE

PROLOGUE

OF THE

FOURTH BOOKE.

ON LOVE.

WITH bemys ſchene, thow bricht *Cytheria*,
Quhilk only ſchaddowiſt amonge ſterris lite,
And thy blynd wyngit ſon *Cupid*, ze tua
Foſteraris of birnyng carnale hete delite,
Zour joly wo neidlingis moiſt I endite,
Begynnyng with ane fenzeit faynt pleſance,
Continewit wyth luſt, and endit wyth penance.

In fragil fleſche zour febill ſede is ſaw,
Rutit in delyte, welth, and fude delicate,
Nuriſt with ſleuth, and mony vnſemly ſaw,
Quhare ſchame is loiſt, thar ſpredis zour burgeons hate,
Oft to reuolue ane vnleful conſate,

Ripis zour perellus frutis and vncorne:
Of wikkit grane how ſal gude ſchaif be ſchorne?

Quhat is zour force, bot febling of the ſtrenth?
Zour curius thochtis quhat bot muſardry?
Zour fremmit glaydnes leſtis not ane houris lenth,
Zour ſport for ſchame ze dar not ſpecifye,
Zour frute is bot vnfructuous fantaſye,
Zour ſory joyis bene bot janglyng and japis,
And zour trew ſeruandis filly goddis apis.

Zour ſueit myrthys ar myxt wyth byttirnes,
Quhat is your drery game and mery pane?
Zour werk vnthrift, zour quiet is reſtles,
Zour luſt lyking in langour to remane,
Frendſchyp torment, zour traiſt is bot ane trane:
O luf, quhidder art thou joy, or fulyſchnes,
That makys folk ſo glayd of thayr dyſtres?

Salomon's wit, *Sampſoun* thou reuiſt his force,
And *Dauid* thou bereft his prophecy,
Men ſayis thou brydillit *Ariſtotell* as ane hors,
And crelit vp the floure of Poetry,
Quhat ſall I of thy mychtis notify?
Fare weil, quhare that thy luſty dart aſſalis,
Wit, ſtrenth, riches, na thinge bot grace auails.

Thow chene of luf, ha *benedicite*,
How hard ſtrenzeis thy bandis euery wicht?

The

The God aboue, for his hie maieſte,
With the ybound, law in ane maid did licht;
Thou vincuſt the ſtrang gyand of grete mycht,
Thou art mair forcy than the dede ſa fell,
Thou plennyſt parradyſe, and thou heriit hell.

Thou makis febil wicht, and thou laweſt hie,
Thou knyttis freyndſchip, quhare thare be na parage,
Thou *Jonathas* confiderit with *Dauye*,
Thou dantit *Alexander* for all his vaſſalage,
Thou feſtynnyt *Jacob* fourtene zeris in bondage,
Thou teichit *Hercules* go lerne to ſpyn,
Reik *Dejanire* his mais and lioun ſkyn.

For luf *Narciſſus* periſt at the well,
For luf thou ſteruiſt moiſt douchty *Achill*,
Theſeus for luf his fallow ſocht to hell,
The ſnaw quhite dow oft to the gray maik will,
Allace for luf, how mony thame ſelf did ſpill?
Thy fury, luf, moderis tacht for diſpite,
Fyle handis in blude of ther zing childrin lite.

O Lord, quhat writis myne autor of thy force,
In his *Georgikis*? How thy vndantit mycht
Conſtrenis ſome tyme ſo the ſtonyt hors,
That by the ſent of ane mere fer of ſycht
He bradis brayis anon, and takis the flicht,
Na bridill may him dant, nor buſtuous dynt,
Nor bra, hie roche, nor brade ſludis ſtynt.

The

The buſtuous bullis oft for the zoung kye
With horne to horne wirkis othir mony wound;
So rummeſin with mony law and cry,
The feildis all doith of their routing reſound.
The meik hartis in belling oft ar found
Mak feirs bargane, and rammys togiddir ryn,
Baris *with* thare tuſkis will frete otheris ſkyn.

The reuthful ſmert and lamentabil cais,
Quhilk thare he writis of *Leander* zing,
Quhom for thy luf, *Hero*, allace, allace!
In feruent flambe of hait deiſire birnyng,
By nychtis tyde, the heuynys loude thundring,
And all with ſtorme troublit the ſeyis flude,
Betand on the rolkis, and routand as it war wod.

Set he him not to ſwym ouer, weil away!
The firth betuix *Seſtos* and *Abidane*,
In *Europ* and in *Aſia* ceiteis tua:
His fader and moder mycht him not call agane:
O God, quhat harme? thare was he tynt and ſlane,
And quhen his luf ſaw this miſchief attanis,
Out our the wall ſcho lap, and brake hir banys.

Lo how *Venus* can hir ſervandis acquite,
Lo how hir paſſiouns vnbridlis all thare wit;
Lo how thay tyne thame ſelfe for ſchort delite,
Lo from all grace how to myſcheif thay flit,
Fra weill to ſturt, fra pane to dede, and zit

Thare

Thare bene bot fewe exampill takis of other,
Bot wilfully fallis in the fire, leif brother.

Be neuer ouerſet, myne auctor teichis ſo,
With luſt of wyne nor werkis veneriane;
Thay febil the ſtrenth, reuelis ſecrete, boith tuo
Strife and debait engeneris, and feil has ſlane,
Honeſt proues, drede, ſchame and luk are gane
Quhare thay habound: attempir thame for thy;
Childir to engendir vſe *Venus*, and not in vane,
Hant na forfet, drink not bot quhen thou art dry.

Quhat? Is this luf nyce luffaris, as ze mene,
Or fals diſſait, fare Ladyis to begyle?
Thame to defoule, and ſchent zour ſelf betuene,
Is all zour liking with many ſubteil wile.
Is that trew luf, gude faith and fame to fyle?
Gif luf be vertew, than is it leful thing;
Gif it be vice, it is zour vndoing.

Luſt is na luf, thocht ledis like it wele,
This furious flamb of ſenſualitie
Ar nane amouris bot fantaſy ze feil,
Carnale pleſance but ficht of honeſte,
Hatis himſelf forſuith, and luffis not the.
Thare bene tua luffis, perfyte and unperfyte,
That ane is lefull, that vther foule delyte.

Luf is ane kindely paſſioun engenderit of hete,
Kendillit in the hart ourſpredand all the cors,

And

And as thou ſeis ſum perſoun waik in ſprete,
Sum hate birnyng as ane vnbridillit hors.
Like as the pacient has hete of ouer grete fors,
And in zoung babbyis warmnes inſufficient,
And to aget failzeis, and is out quent.

Rycht ſo in luf thou may be exceſſiue,
Inordinately luffand ony creature;
Thy luf alſo it may be defectiue,
To luf thyne awne, and gif of vtheris no cure:
Bot quhare that it is rewlit by meſure,
It may be liknit till ane hale mannis eſtate,
In temperate warmnes, nouthir to cald nor hate.

Than is thy luf inordinate, ſay I,
Qnhen any creature mare than God thou luffis,
Or zine luffis ony to that fyne, quhareby
Thy ſelf or thame thou frawartis God remouis:
For till attempir thy amouris the behuffis,
Luf euery wicht for God, and to gud end,
Thame be na wiſe to harm bot to amend.

That is to knaw, luf God for his gudnes,
With hert, hale mynd, trew ſeruice day and nycht:
Nixt lufe thy ſelf, eſchewand wikkitnes,
Luf ſyn thy nychtbouris, and wirk thame na vnricht,
Willing at thou and thay may haue the ſicht
Of heuynnys blys, and tyiſt thame nocht therfra;
For and thou do, ſic luf dow nocht ane ſtra.

Faynt

Faynt luf but grace for all thy fenzeit layis,
Thy wantoun willis are verray vanyte,
Graceles thou aſkis grace, and thus thou prayis:
Haue mercy, lady, haue reuth and ſum piete.
And ſcho reuthles agane rewis on the:
Here is na peramouris fund, but all haterent,
Quhare nouthir to weill nor reſoun tak thai tent.

Callys thou that reuth, quhilk of thar ſelfe ne rekkis?
Or is it grace to fall fra grace? Na, na,
Thou ſeikis mercy, and tharof myſcheif makis:
Renowne and honour quhy wald thou driue away?
Ane brutell appetite makis zoung fulis foruay,
Quhilk be reſoun liſt nocht thare feit refrane,
Haldand opinioun dere of ane borit bane.

Sayis not zour ſentence thus, ſkant worth ane fas;
Quhat honeſte or renowne, is to be dram?
Or for to droup like ane fordullit as?
Lat vs in ryot leif, in ſport and gam,
In *Venus* court, ſen born thareto I am,
My tyme wel ſall I ſpend: wenys thou not ſo?
Bot all zour ſolace ſall returne in gram,
Sic thewles luſtis in bittir pane and wo.

Thou auld haſard leichoure, fy for ſchame,
That ſlotteris furth euermare in ſluggardry:
Out on the, auld trat, agit wyffe or dame,
Eſchames ne time in rouſt of ſyn to ly:

Thir *Venus* werkis in zoutheid ar foly,
But into eild thay turn in fury rage.
And wha ſchameles doublis thar ſyn, ha fy
As dois thir vantouris owthir in zouth or age?

Quhat nedis awant zou of zour wikkitnes,
Ze that delytis allane in velanus dede?
Quhy glore ze in zour awin vnthriftines?
Eſchame ze not rehers and blaw on brede
Zour awin defame? hawand of God na drede,
Na zit of hell, prouokand vtheris to ſyn,
Ze that liſt of zour palzardry neuer blyn.

Wald God ze purcheſt but zoure awin miſchance,
And ware na baneris for to perys mo;
God grant ſum time ze turne zou to pennance,
Refrenyng luſtis inordinat, and cry ho,
And thare affix zour luf, and myndis alſo,
Quhare euer is verray joy without offence,
That all ſic beiſtly fury ze lat go hence.

Of brokaris and ſic baudry how ſuld I write?
Of quham the fylth ſtynketh in Goddis neis.
With *Venus* hen wyffis, quhat wyſe may I flyte?
That ſtraykis thir wenſchis hedes them to pleis.
Douchter, for thy luf this man has grete diſeis,
Quod the biſmere with the ſlekit ſpeche:
Rew on him, it is merit his pane to meis:
Sic pode makrellis for *Lucifer* bene leche.

Eſchame

Eſchame zoung virgins, and fair damycellis,
Furth of wedlok for to diſtyne zour kellis;
Traiſt not all talis that wantoun wowaris tellis,
Zou to defloure purpoſyng, and not ellis:
Abhore ſic price or prayer wourſchip ſellis;
Quhare ſchame is loiſt, quyte ſchent is womanhede;
Quhat of beute quhare honeſte lyis dede?

Rew on zour ſelf, ladyis and madynnys zing,
Grant na ſic reuth for euer may caus zou rew:
Ze freſche gallandis, in hate deſire byrnyng,
Refrene zour curage, ſic peramouris to perſew;
Ground zour amouris on cherite all new,
Found zou on reſſoun; quhat nedis mare to preche?
God grant zou grace in luf as I zou teich.

Fy on diſſait and fals diſſimulance,
Contrar to kynd, with fenzeit chere ſmyling,
Vnder the cloik of luffis obſeruance,
The vennom of the ſerpent reddy to ſtyng:
Bot all ſic crymis in luffis caus I reſing,
To the confeſſioun of morall *Johne Gowar*,
For I mon follow the text of our mater.

Thy double wound, *Dido*, to ſpecifye,
I meyne thyne amouris, and thy funerale fate,
Quha may endite, but teris, with ene dry?
Auguſtyne confeſſis himſelf wepit, God wate,
Reding thy lamentabill end misfortunat.

By the will I report this vers agane,
Temporall joy endis with wo and pane.

Allace thy dolorus cais, and hard miſchance?
From blys to wo, fra ſorrow to fury rage,
Fra nobilnes, welth, prudence and temperance,
In brutell appetit fell, and wild dotage:
Dantar of *Affrik*, Quene founder of *Cartage*,
Vmquhile in riches and ſchynyng glore ringing,
Throw fuliche luſt wrocht thyne awin vndoing.

Lo, with quhat thocht, quhat bitternes and pane,
Luf vnfilly bredis in euery wicht.
Quhou ſchort quhile dois his fals pleſance remane?
His reſtles blis how ſone takis the flicht?
His kyndnes alteris in wraith within ane nycht;
Quhat is bot torment all hys langſum fare?
Begun with fere, and endit in diſpare.

Quhat fuſſy, cure, and ſtrange ymagyning?
Quhat wayis vnlefull his purpois to atteyne
Has this fals luſt at his firſt begynnyng?
How ſubtell wilis, and mony quiet mene?
Quhat ſlicht diſſait quentlie to flat and fene?
Syne in ane thraw can not him ſelfyn hyde,
Nor at his firſt eſtate no quhile abide.

Thou fwelth deuourare of tyme vnrecouerabill,
O luſt infernale, furnes inextinguibill,

Thy

Thy ſelf conſuming worthis inſaciabill,
Quent feyndis net, to God and man odibil:
Of thy tragetis quhat toung may tell the tribyll?
With the to wreſtil, thou waxis euermare wicht;
Eſchewe thyne hant, and mynnis ſall thy mycht.

Se how blynd luffis inordinate deſire
Degradis honour, and reſſoun dois exile,
Dido of *Cartage* floure, and lampe of *Tyre*,
Quhais hie renoune na ſtrenth nor gift mycht fyle,
In hir fanyt luſt ſo mait within ſchort quhile,
That honeſtye bayth and gude fame war adew,
Syne for diſdene allace hir ſelfin ſlew.

O quhat aualit thy brute and glorious name,
Thy nobyll treſſour and werkis infinyt?
Thy cyeteis beilding, and thy riall hame,
Thy realmes conqueſt, welefare and delyte?
To ſtynt all thinge ſayf thyne awne appetite,
So was in luf/thy frawart deſtany.
Allace the quhile thou knewe the ſtrange *Enee!*

And ſen I ſuld thy tragedy endite,
Here nedis none vthir inuocacyon:
Be the command I luſty ladyis quhite,
Bewar with ſtrangearys of vncouth natyoun
Wirk na ſic wounderys to thare dampnatyoun.
Bot till atteyne wylde amouris at the thay lere:
Thy luſty pane begouth on thys manere.

THE PROLOGUE OF THE SEUYNTH BOOKE.

WINTER.

AS bricht *Phebus* ſchene ſouerane heuinnis E
The oppoſit held of his chymes hie,
Clere ſchynand bemes, and goldin ſumeris hew
In lattoun cullour altering all of new,
Kything no ſigne of heit be his viſſage,
So nere approchit he his wynter ſtage,
Reddy he was to enter the thrid morne
In cludy ſkyes vnder *Capricorne:*
All thoucht he be the lampe and hert of heuin,
Forfeblit wox his lemand gilty leuin,
Throw the declynyng of his large round ſpere.
The frofty regioun ryngis of the zere,
The tyme and ſeſſoun bitter, cauld and pale,
Thay ſchort dayis, that clerkis clepe *Brumale:*
Quhen brym blaſtis of the northyn art
Ouerquhelmyt had *Neptunus* in his cart,

And

And all to ſchaik the leuys of the treis,
The rageand ſtormes ouerwelterand wally ſeis.
Ryueris ran rede on ſpate with wattir broun,
And burnis harlis all thare bankis doun,
And landbirſt rumbland rudely with ſic bere,
Sa loud neuir rummyſt wyld lyoun nor bere:
Flndis monſtouris, ſic as mereſwynis and quhalis
For the tempeſt law in the depe deualis:
Mars occident retrograde in his ſpere,
Prouocand ſtryffe, regnit as lord that zere.
Rany *Orioun* with his ſtormy face
Bywauit oft the ſchipman by hys race:
Frawart *Saturne* chil of complexioun,
Throw quhais aſpect darth and infectioun
Bene cauſit oft and mortall peſtilence,
Went progreſſiue the greis of his aſcence:
And luſty *Hebe*, *Junois* dochter gay,
Stude ſpulzete of hir office and array:
The ſole yſowpite in to wattir wak,
The firmament ourecaſt with cludis blak:
The ground fadit, and fauch wox al the feildis,
Mountane toppis ſlekit with ſnaw ouer heildis:
On raggit rolkis of hard harſk quhyn ſtane,
With froſyn frontis cald clynty clewis ſchane:
Bewty was loiſt, and barrand ſchew the landis,
With froſtis hare ouerfret the feildis ſtandis.
(* Sere birtir bubbis and the ſchoutis ſnell
Semyt on the ſwarde in ſimilitude of hell,

Reducing

Reducing to oure mynde in euery ſtede
Gouſty ſchaddois of eild and griſly dede:*)
Thik drumly ſkuggis dirkinnit ſo the heuin,
Dym ſkyis oft furth warpit fereful leuin,
Flaggis of fyre, and mony felloun ſlaw,
Scharp ſoppis of ſleit, and of the ſnyppand ſnaw:
The dolly dikis war al donk and wate,
The law valis flodderit all wyth ſpate,
The plane ſtretis and euery hie way
Full of fluſchis, dubbis, myre and clay,
Laggerit leyis wallowit fernis ſchew,
Broun muris kythit thare wiſſinyt moſſy hew,
Bank, bray and boddum blanſchit wox and bare;
For gourl weddir growit beiſtis hare,
The wynd maid waif the rede wede on the dyk,
Bedowin in donkis depe was euery ſike:
Ouer craggis and the frontis of rochys fere
Hang grete yſe ſchokkillis lang as ony ſpere:
The grund ſtude barrane, widderit, doſk and gray,
Herbis, flouris and gerſſis wallowit away:
Woddis, foreſtis with naket bewis blout
Stude ſtripit of thare wede in euery hout:
Sa buſtouſlie *Boreas* his bugill blew,
The dere full derne doun in the dailis drew:
Small birdis flokand throw thik ronnys thrang,
In chirmynge, and with cheping changit thare ſang,
Sekand hidlis and hirnys thame to hyde
Fra ferefull thuddis of the tempeſtuus tyde:

The

The wattir lynnys rowtis, and euery lynd
Quhiſſit and brayit of the ſouchand wynd:
Pure labooraris and byſſy huſband men
Went weet and wery draglit in the fen
The cilly ſchepe and thare litill hird gromes
Larkis vnder lye of bankis, woddis and bromes:
And vtheris dantit greter beiſtial,
Within thare ſtabill ſeſit in the ſtall,
Sic as mulis, hors, oxin or ky,
Fed tuſkit baris, and fat ſwyne in ſty,
Suſtenit war be mannis gouernance
On herviſt and on ſomeris puruiance:
Widequhare with fors ſo *Eolus* ſchoutis ſchill,
In this congelit ſeſoun ſcharp and chill,
The callour are penetratiue and pure
Daſing the blude in euery creature,
Made ſeik warme ſtouis and bene fyris hote,
In doubill garmont cled and welecote,
With mychty drink, and metis confortiue,
Aganis the ſterne wynter for to ſtriue.
Recreate wele and by the chymnay bekit,
At euin be tyme doun in ane bed me ſtrekit,
Warpit my hede, keſt on claithis thrynfald
For to expell the perrellus perſand cald:
I croſit me, ſyne bownit for to ſlepe:
Quhare lemand throw the glas I did tak kepe
Latonia the lang irkſum nycht
Hir ſubtell blenkis ſched and watry lycht,

Full

Full hie vp quhirlit in hir regioun,
Till *Phebus* richt in oppoſicioun,
Into the *Crab* hir propir manſioun draw,
Haldand the hicht althocht the ſon went law:
The hornyt byrd quhilk we clepe the nicht oule,
Within hir cauerne hard I ſchout and zoule,
Laithely of forme, with crukit camſcho beik,
Vgſum to here was hir wyld elriſche ſkreik.
The wyld geis eik claking by nychtis tyde
Attour the ciete fleand hard I glyde.
On ſlummer I ſlade full ſone, and ſlepyt ſound,
Quhill the horiſont vpwart can rebound:
Phebus crounit bird, the nichtis orlagere,
Clappin his wingis thryis had crawin clere:
Approching nere the greking of the day,
Within my bed I walkynnyt quhare I lay,
Sa faſt declynnys *Cynthia* the mone,
And kayis keklys on the rufe abone:
Palamedes birdis crowpand in the ſky,
Fleand on randoun, ſchapin lyk ane Y,
And as an trumpit rang thare vocis ſoun,
Quhais cryis bene pronoſticacioun
Of wyndy blaſtis and ventoſiteis.
Faſt by my chalmer on hie wiſnit treis
The ſary gled quhiſsllis with mony ane pew,
Quharby the day was dawing wele I knew;
Bad bete the fyre, and the candyll alicht,
Syne bliſſit me, and in my wedis dicht;

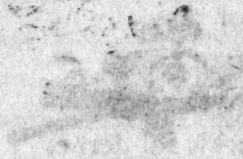
Ane

Ane ſchot wyndo unſchet ane litel on char,
Perſauyt the mornyng bla, wan and har,
Wyth cloudy gum and rak ouerquhelmyt the are,
The ſulze ſtiche, haſard, rouch and hare;
Branchis brattlyng, and blaiknyt ſchew the brayis,
With hirſtis harſk of waggand wyndil ſtrayis,
The dew droppis congelit on ſtibbil and rynd,
And ſcharp hailſtanys mortfundyit of kynd,
Hoppand on the thak and on the cauſay by:
The ſchote I cloſit, and drew inwart in hy,
Cheuerand for cald, the ſeſſoun was ſa ſnell,
Schupe with hait flambis to ſteme the freſing fell.
And as I bounit me to the fire me by,
Baith vp and doun the houſe I did eſpy;
And ſeand *Virgill* on ane letteron ſtand,
To wryte anone I hynt my pen in hand,
For till perform the Poet graif and ſad,
Quhen ſa fer furth or than begun I had:
And wox anoyit ſum dele in my hart,
Thare reſtit vncompletit ſa grete ane part.
And to my ſelf I ſayd; in gude effect
Thou mon draw furth, the zoik lyis on thy nek.
Within my mynd compaſſing thocht I ſo,
Na thing is done quhil ocht remanis ado:
For beſynes quhilk occurrit on caſe,
Ouer voluit I this volume lay ane ſpace:
And thocht I wery was, me liſt not tyre,
Full laith to leif our werk ſa in the myre,

Or

Or zit to ſtynt for bittir ſtorme or rane:
Here I aſſayit to zoik oure pleuch agane:
And as I culd, with ane fald diligence
This nixt buke followand of profound ſcience
Thus has begun in the chill wynter cald,
Quhen froſtis dois ouer flete baith firth and fald.

THE Proloug ſmellis new cum furth of hell,
And as our Buke begouth his werefare tell,
So wele according deulie bene annext,
Thou drery preambil, with ane bludy text.
Of ſabill bene thyne letteres illumynate,
According to thy proces and thy ſtate.



THE

PROLOGUE

OF THE

EYGHT BOOKE.

A SATYRE

ON THE MANNERS OF THE TIMES.

OF dreuilling and dremys quhat doith to endite?
For as I lenit in an ley in Lent this laſt nycht,
I ſlaid on ane ſwevynyng, ſlomerand ane lite,
And ſone ane ſelkouth ſege I ſaw to my ſycht,
Swownand as he ſwelt wald, and ſowpit in ſite;
Was neuer wrocht in this warld mare woful ane wicht.
Ramand; Reſoun and rycht ar rent be fals ryte,
Frendſchip ſlemyt is in *France*, and faith has the ſlicht,
Leyis, lurdanry and luſt ar oure laid ſterne:
Pece is put out of play,
Welth and welefare away,
Luf and lawte bayth tway
Lurkis ful derne.

Langour lent is in land, al lichtnes is loiſt,
Sturtin ſtudy has the ſtere dyſtroyand our ſport,
Muſing merris our myrth, half mangit almoiſt;
So thochtis thretis in thra our breiſtis ouerthort,

Baleful beſynes bayth blis and blythnes gan boiſt:
Thare is na ſege for na ſchame that ſchrynkis at ſchorte,
May he cum to hys caſt be clokyng but coiſt,
He rekkys nowthir the richt, nor rekles report:
All is wele done, God wate, weild he his wyll.
That berne is beſt can not blyn
Wrangwis gudis to wyn;
Quhy ſuld he ſpare for ony ſyn
Hys luſt to fulfil?

All ledis langis in land to lauch quhat thame leif is,
Luffaris langis only to lok in thare lace
Thare ladyis lufely, and louk but lett or releuis,
Quha ſportis thame on the ſpray ſparis for na ſpace:
The galzeard grume gruntſchis, at gamys he greuis,
The fillok hir deformyt fax wald haue ane fare face,
To mak hir maikles of hir man at myſter mycheuis:
The gude wyfe gruffling before God gretis eftir grace,
The lard langis eftir land to leif to his are;
The preiſt for ane perſonage,
The ſeruand eftir his wage,
The thrall to be of thirlage
Langis ful ſare.

The myllare mythis the multure wyth ane mettſkant,
For drouth had drunkin vp his dam in the dry zere,
The cageare callis furth his capyl wyth crakkis wele cant,
Calland the colzeare ane knaif and culroun full quere:

Sum

Sum ſchepehird ſlais the lardis ſchepe, and ſais he is
ane ſant,
Sum grenis quhil the gers grow for his gray mere,
Sum ſparis nowthir ſprituall, ſpouſit wyffe, nor ant,
Sum ſellis folkis ſuſtenance, as God ſendis the fere,
Sum glaſteris, and thay gang at al for gate woll:
Sum ſpendis on the auld vſe,
Sum makis ane tume ruſe,
Sum grenis eftir ane guſe,
To fars his wame full.

The wrache walis and wryngis for this warldis wrak
The mukerar murnys in his mynd the meil gaif na
The pirate preiſſis to peil the peddir his pak, (pryce,
The haſartouris haldis thame haryit hant thay not
the dyſe;
The burges bringis in his buith the broun and the
Byand beſely bayne, buge, beuer and byce; (blak,
Sum ledis langis on the land, for luf or for lak,
To ſembyl with thare chaftis, and ſett apoun ſyſe,
The ſchipman ſchrenkis the ſchour, and ſettis to the
ſchore;
The hyne cryis for the corne,
The brouſtare the bere ſchorne,
The feiſt the fidler to morne
Couatis ful zore.

The railzeare rekkinis na wourdis, bot ratlis furth
ranys,
Ful rude and ryot reſouns bayth roundalis and ryme,

Sweyngeouris and ſkuryvagis ſwankys and ſwanys,
Geuis na cure to cun craft, nor comptis for na cryme,
Wyth beirdis as beggaris, thocht byg be thare banys,
Na laubour liſt thay luke tyl, thare luffis are bierd lyme:
Get ane biſmare ane barne, than al hyr blys gane is,
She wyl not wyrk thocht ſche want, bot waiſtis hir tyme
In thigging, as it thryft war, and vthir vane thewis;
And ſlepis quhen ſche ſuld ſpyn,
Wyth na wyl the warld to wyn,
This cuntre is ful of *Caynes* kyn,
And ſyc ſchyre ſchrewis.

Quhat wykkitnes, quhat wanthryft now in warld walkis?
Bale has baniſt blythnes, boiſt grete brag blawis,
Prattis are repute policy and perrellus paukis,
Dygnite is laide doun, derth to the dur drawis;
Of trattillis and of tragedyis the text of al talk is;
Lordis are left landles be vnlele lawis,
Burges bryngis hame the bothe to breid in the balkis;
Knychtis ar cowhubyis, and commouns plukkis crawis;
Clerkis for vncunnandnes myſknawis ilk wycht;
Wyffis wald haif al thare wyl,
Yneuch is not half fyl,
Is nowthir reſſoun nor ſkyl
In erd haldin rycht.

Sum

Sum latit lattoun but lay lepis in lawde lyte,
Sum pynis furth ane pan boddum to prent fals plakkis;
Sum goukis quhil the glas pyg grow al of gold zyt,
Throw curie of quentaffence, thocht clay muggis crakkis;
Sum wernoure for this warldis wrak wendis by hys wyt;
Sum treitcheoure crynis the cunze, and kepis corne ſtakkis;
Sum prig penny, ſum pyke thank with preuy promit,
Sum jarris with ane ged ſtaff to jag throw blak jakkis.
Quhat fenzete fare, quhat flattry, and quhat fals talis?
Quhat myſery is now in land?
How many crakkit cunnand?
For nowthir aithis, nor band,
Nor ſelis aualis.

Preiſtis, ſuld be patteraris, and for the pepyl pray,
To be Papis of patrymone and prelatis pretendis;
Ten teyndis ar ane trumpe, bot gyf he tak may
Ane kinrik of pariſch kyrkis cuplit with commendis.
Quha ar wirkaris of this were, quha walknaris of wa,
Bot incompetabyl clergy, that Chriſtindome offendis?
Quha reiffis, quha ar ryotus, quha rekles bot thay?
Quha quellis the pure commouns bot kyrkmen, wele kend is?
Thare is na ſtate of thare ſtyle that ſtandis content;
Knycht, clerk nor commoun,
Burges, nor barroun,
All wald haue vp that is doun,
Welterit the went.

And

And as this leid at the laſt liggand me ſeis,
With ane luke vnluſſum he lent me ſic wourdis:
Quhat berne be thou in bed with hede full of beis?
Graithſt lyke ſum knappare, and as thy grace gurdis
Lurkand lyke ane longeoure? Quod I, Loune, thou leis.
Ha, wald thou fecht, quod the freik we haue bot few ſwordis;
Thare is ſic haiſt in thy hede, I hope thou waldneis,
That brangillis thus with thi boiſt quhen bernis with the bourdis.
Quod I, churle, ga chat the, and chide with ane vthir.
Moiſ the not, ſaid he than,
Gyf thou be ane gentyl man,
Or ony curtaſy can,
Myne awin leif bruthir:

I ſpeik to the into ſport; ſpel me thys thyng,
Quhat lykis ledis in land? Quhat maiſt langis thou?
Quod I, Smaik, lat me ſlepe; ſym ſkynnar the hing:
I wene, thou biddis na bettir bot I brek thy brow:
To me is myrk myrrour ilk mannis menyng;
Sum wald be court man, ſum clerk, and ſum ane cache kow,
Sum knycht, ſum capitane, ſum Caiſer, ſum King,
Sum wald haue welth at thare wil, and ſum thar waime fow,

Sum

Sum langis for the leuir ill to lik of ane quart,
Sum for thare bontay ar boune,
Sum to ſe the new mone;
I lang to haif our buke done,
I tel the my part.

Thy buke is bot bribry, ſaid the berne than,
Bot I ſal lere the ane leſſoun to leis al thy pane:
With that he raucht me ane roll: to rede I began,
The royeteſt ane ragment with mony ratt rime,
Of all the mowis in this mold, ſen God merkit man,
The mouing of the mapamound, and how the mone ſchane,
The Pleuch, and the poles, the planettis began,
The Son, the ſeuin ſternes, and the *Charle* wane,
The Elwand, the elementis, and *Arthuris* huffe,
The Horne, and the Hand ſtaffe,
Prater Ihone and Port jaffe,
Quhy the corne has the caffe,
And kow weris clufe.

Thir romanis ar bot ridlis, quod I to that ray,
Lede, lere me ane vthir leſſoun, this I ne like.
I perſaif, ſyr Perſoun, thy purpois perfay,
Quod he, and drew me doun derne in delf by ane dyke;
Had me hard by the hand, quhare ane hurd lay,
Than priuely the pennys begouth vp to pike:
Bot quhen I walknyt, al that welth was wiſkit away,
I fand not in all that feild, in faith, ane be bike:

For

For as I grunſchit at that grume, and gliſnyt about,
I gryppit graithlie the gil,
And every modywart hil;
Bot I mycht pike thare my fyl,
Or penny come out.

Than wox I tene, that I tuke to ſic ane truffuris tent,
For ſwevinnys and for ſwevyngeouris that ſlumberis not wele,
Mony maruellus mater neuer merkit nor ment
Wil ſegeis ſe in thare ſlepe, and ſentence but ſele:
War al ſic ſawis ſuthfaſt, with ſchame war I ſchent,
This was bot faynt fantaſy, in faith, that I feil;
Neuer wourd in verite, bot al in waiſt went,
Throw riotnes and rauing, that made myne ene reil,
Thus lyſnyt I as loſingere ſic lewdnes to luke:
Bot, quhen I ſaw nane vthir bute,
I ſprent ſpedily on fute,
And vnder ane tre rute
Begouth this aucht buke.

The

THE

PROLOGUE

OF THE

TWELT BOOKE.

SPRING.

MAY.

DIONEA, nycht hird, and wache of day,
The ſternes chaſit of the heuin away,
Dame *Cynthia* doun rolling in the ſeye,
And *Venus* loiſt the bewte of hir eye,
Heand eſchamet within *Cyllenius* caue,
Mars vmbedrew for all his grundin glaue,
Nor frawart *Saturne* from his mortall ſpere
Durſt langare in the firmament appere,
Bot ſtal abak zound in his regioun far,
Behynd the circulate warld of *Jupiter*;
Lyctimene affrayit of the licht
Went vnder couert, for gone was the nycht;
As freſche *Aurora*, to mychty *Tithone* ſpous,
Chit of hir ſafferon bed and euyr hous,
In crammeſy clede and granit violate,
Vith ſanguyne cape, the ſeluage purpurate,

Unſchet

For as I grunſchit at that grume, and gliſnyt about,
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Unſchet

Unſchet the wyndois of hir large hall,
Spred all with roſis, and full of balme riall,
And eik the heuinly portis criſtallyne
Upwarpis brade, the warlde till illumyne;
The twynkling ſtremouris of the orient
Sched purpour ſprayngis with gold and aſure ment,
Perſand the ſabil barmkin nocturnall,
Bet doun the ſkyes cloudy mantil wall;
Eous the ſtede, with ruby hammys rede,
Abufe the ſeyis liftis furth his hede,
Of culloure ſore, and ſum dele broune as bery,
For to alichtin and glade our emyſpery,
The flambe out braſtin at the neiſs thirlis,
So faſt *Phaeton* with the quhip him quhirlis,
To roll *Apollo* his faderis goldin chare,
That ſchroudith all the heuynnys and the are;
Quhil ſchortlie with the bleſand torche of day,
Abulzeit in his lemand freſche array,
Furth of his palice riall iſchit *Phebus*,
With goldin croun and viſſage glorius
Criſp haris, bricht as chriſſolite or thopas,
For quhais hew mycht nane behald his face,
The fyrie ſparkis braſting from his ene,
To purge the are, and gilt the tendir grene,
Defoundand from his ſege etheriall
Glade influent aſpectis celicall,
Before his regal hie magnificence
Myſty vapoure vpſpringand ſwete as ſence,

In

In ſmoky ſoppis of donk dewis wak,
With hailſum ſtouis ouerheildand the ſlak,
The auriate phanis of his trone ſouerane
With glitterand glance ouerſpred the octiane,
The large ſludis lemand all of licht,
Bot with ane blenk of his ſupernale ſicht;
For to behald it was ane glore to ſe
The ſtabillyt wyndys, and the calmyt ſe,
The ſoft ſeſſoun, the firmament ſerene,
The loune illuminate are, and firth amene,
The ſiluer ſcalit fyſchis on the grete,
Ouer thowrt clere ſtremes ſprinkilland for the hete,
With fynnys ſchinand broun as ſynopare,
And cheſal talis, ſtourand here and thare;
The new cullour alichting all the landis
Forgane the ſtanryis ſchene and beriall ſtrandis:
Quhil the reflex of the diurnal bemes
The bene bonkis keſt ful of variant glemes:
And luſty *Flora* did hir blomes ſprede
Under the fete of *Phebus* ſulzeart ſtede:
The ſwardit ſoyll enbrode with ſelkouth hewis,
Wod and foreſt obumbrate with the bewis,
Quhais blyſful branchis porturate on the ground
With ſchaddois ſchene ſchew rochis rubicund,
Towris, turettis, kirnalis, and pynnakillis hie
Of kirkis, caſtellis, and ilk faire ciete,
Stude payntit, euery fane, phioll and ſtage
Apoun the plane ground, by thare awin vmbrage:

Of *Eolus* north blaſtis hauand na drede,
The ſulze ſpred hir brade boſum on brede,
Zephyrus confortabill inſpiratioun
For tyll reſſaue law in hir barne adoun:
The cornis croppis, and the bere new brerde
Wyth gladeſum garmont reueſting the erd;
So thyk the plantis ſprang in euery pete,
The feildis ferlyis of thare fructuous flete:
Byſſy dame *Ceres*, and proude *Priapus*
Reioſing of the planis plentuous,
Plennyſt ſo pleſand, and maiſt propirly
By nature nuriſſit wounder tendirly,
On the fertyl ſkyrt lappis of the ground
Strekand on brede vnder the cyrkil round:
The varyant veſture of the venuſt vale
Schrowdis the ſcherand fur, and euery fale
Ouerfrett wyth fulzeis, and fyguris ful dyuers,
The pray byſprent wyth ſpryngand ſproutis dyſpers,
For callour humours on the dewy nycht,
Rendryng ſum place the gyrs pylis thare licht,
Als fer as catal the lang ſomerys day
Had in thare paſture ete and gnyp away:
And blyſful bloſſomys in the blomyt zard
Submyttis thare hedys in the zoung ſonnys ſafgard:
Iue leuis rank ouerſpred the barmkyn wall,
The blomit hauthorne cled his pykis all,
Furth of freſche burgeouns the wyne grapis zing
Endlang the trazileys dyd on twiſtis hing,

The

The loukit buttouns on the gemyt treis
Ouerſpredand leuis of naturis tapeſtryis,
Soft greſy verdoure eftir balmy ſchouris,
On curland ſtalkis ſmyland to thare flowris:
Behaldand thame ſa mony diuers hew
Sum peirs, ſum pale, ſum burnet, ond ſum blew,
Sum gres, ſum gowlis, ſum purpure, ſum ſanguane,
Blanchit or broun, ſauch zallow mony ane,
Sum heuinly colourit in celeſtial gre,
Sum wattry hewit as the haw wally ſe,
And ſum departe in freklis rede and quhyte,
Sum bricht as gold with aureate leuis lyte.
The daſy did on brede hir crownel ſmale,
And euery flour vnlappit in the dale,
In battil gers burgeouns, the banwart wyld,
The clauir, catcluke, and the cammomylde;
The flourdelyce furth ſprede his heuynly hew,
Floure damas, and columbe blak and blew,
Sere downis ſmal on dentilioun ſprang,
The zoung grene blomit ſtrabery leuis amang,
Gimp jereflouris thareon leuis vnſchet,
Freſche prymrois, and the purpour violet,
The rois knoppis, tetand furth thare hede,
Gan chyp, and kyth thare vernale lippis red,
Cryſp ſkarlet leuis ſum ſcheddand baith attanis,
Keſt fragrant ſmel amyd fra goldin granis,
Heuinlie lyllyis, with lokkerand toppis quhyte,
Opynnit and ſchew thare creiſtis redemyte,

The balmy vapour from thare ſylkyn croppis
Diſtilland haleſum ſugurat hony droppis,
And ſyluer ſchakeris gan fra leuys hing,
With cryſtal ſprayngis on the verdure zing:
The plane pouderit with ſemelie ſeitis ſound,
Bedyit ful of dewy peirlys round;
So that ilk burgeoun, ſyon, herbe, or floure,
Wox all enbalmyt of the freſche liquour,
And baithit hait did in dulce humouris flete,
Quhareof the beis wrocht thare hony ſwete,
Be mychty *Phebus* operatiouns,
In ſappy ſubtell exhalatiouns:
Forgane the cummyn of this prynce potent,
Redolent odour vp from the rutis ſprent,
Haleſum of ſmel, as ony ſpicery,
Triakil, droggis, or electuary,
Seropys, ſewane, ſuccure, and ſynamome,
Pretius inuntment, ſaufe, or fragrant pome,
Aromatike gummes, or ony fyne potioun,
Muſt, myr, aloyes, or confectioun.
Ane paradiſe it ſemyt to draw nere
Thir galzeard gardingis, and eik grene herbere:
Mayſt amyabil waxis the emerant medis,
Swannis ſouchis throw out the reſpand redis,
Ouer all the lochis and the ſludis gray,
Serſand by kynd ane place quhare thay ſuld lay:
Phebus rede foule his curale creiſt can ſtere,
Oft ſtrekand furth his hekkil crawand clere

Amyd

Amyd the wortis, and the rutis gent,
Pikland hys mete in alayis quhare he went,
His wyffis toppa and partelot hym by,
As bird al tyme that hantis bygamy;
The payntit powne payſand with plumys gym,
Keſt vp his tale ane proud pleſand quhile rym,
Iſchrowdit in his fedderane bricht and ſchene,
Schapand the prent of *Argois* hundreth ene;
Amang the bronys of the olyue twiſtis,
Sere ſmale foulis, wirkand crafty neſtis,
Endlang the hedgeis thik, and on rank akis
Ilk bird reioſand with thare mirthful makis:
In corneris and clere feneſteris of glas
Full beſely *Arachne* weuand was,
To knyt hyr nettis and hyr wobbis ſle,
Tharewith to caucht the litil mige or fle:
So duſty ponder upſtouris in euery ſtrete,
Quhil corby gaſpit for the feruent hete:
Under the bewis bene in lufely valis,
Within fermance and parkis clois of palis,
The buſtuous bukkis rakis furth on raw,
Heirdis of hertis throw the thyck wod ſchaw,
Bayth the brokittis, and with brade burniſt tyndis
The ſprutillit calfys foukand the rede hyndis,
The zoung fownys followand the dun days,
Kiddis ſkippand throw ronnys eftir rais,
In leſuris and on leyis litill lammes
Full tait and trig ſocht bletand to thare dammes,

Tydy ky lowis vèlis, by thaym rynnis,
And ſnod and ſlekit worth thir beiſtis ſkinnis:
On ſalt ſtremes wolk *Dorida* and *Thetis*
By rynnand ſtrandis, Nymphes and *Naiades*,
Sic as we clepe wenſchis and damyſſellis,
In gerſy grauis wanderand by ſpring wellis,
Of blomed branſchis and flouris quhyte and rede
Plettand thare luſty chaplettis for thare hede:
Sum ſang ring ſangis, dancis, ledis, and roundis,
With vocis ſchil, quhil all the dale reſoundis;
Quhareſo thay walk into thare karoling,
For amourus layis dois all the rochis ring:
Ane ſang, *The ſchip ſalis ouer the ſalt ſame,*
Wil bring thir merchandis and my lemane hame;
Sum vthir ſingis, *I wil be blyith and licht,*
My hert is lent apoun ſa gudly wicht.
And thochtful luffaris rownyis to and fro,
To leis thare pane, and plene thare joly wo,
Eftir thare giſe, now ſingand, now in ſorow,
With hertis penſiue, the lang ſomeris morow:
Sum ballettis lift endite of his lady,
Sum leuis in hope, and ſum alluterly
Diſparit is, and ſa quyte oute of grace,
Hys purgatory he fyndis in euery place.
To pleis hys lufe ſum thocht to flatter and fene,
Sum to hant bawdry and vnleifsum mene,
Sum rownys till his fallow thaym betwene,
Hys mery ſtouth and paſtyme lait ziſtrene:

Smyland

Smyland ſais ane, I couth in priuate
Schaw the ane burd. Ha, quhat be that, quod he?
Quhat thing? that moiſt be ſecrete, ſaid the vthir,
Gude lord myſbeleue ze zour verry brothyr?
Na neuir ane dele, bot herkys quhat I wald,
Thou man be preuy, lo my hand vphald,
Than ſal thou wend at euin: quod he, quhiddir?
In ſic ane place here weſt, we baith togiddir,
Quhare ſche ſo freſchlye ſang this hindir nicht:
Do cheis the ane, and I ſall quench the licht.
I ſall be thare, quod he, I hope, and leuch;
Za, now I knaw the mater wele yneuch.
Thus oft diuulgate is thys ſchameful play,
Na thing accordyng to our haleſum *May*,
Bot rathir contagius and infectyue,
And repugnant that ſeſſoun nutritiue;
Quhen new curage kitillis all gentil hertis,
Seand throw kynd ilk thing ſpryngis and reuertis
Dame naturis menſtralis, on that vthyr parte,
Thare blisful bay intonyng euery arte,
To bete thare amouris of thare nychtis bale,
The merle, the mauys, and the nychtingale,
Wyth mirry notis myrthfully furth brift,
Enforſing thaym quha micht do clink it beſt:
The kowſchot croudis and pykkis on the ryſe,
The ſtirling changis diuers ſteuynnys nyſe,
The ſparrow chirmis in the wallis clyft,
Goldſpink and lintquhite fordynnand the lyft,

The

The gukkow galis, and ſo quhitteris the quale,
Quhil ryveris reirdit, ſchawis, and euery dale,
And tendir twiſtis trymblit on the treis,
For birdis ſang, and bemyng of the beis,
In werblis dulce of heuinlie armonyis,
The larkis loude releiſchand in the ſkyis,
Louis thare lege with tonys curious;
Bayth to dame Natur, and the freſche *Venus*,
Rendring hie laudis in thare obſeruance,
Quhais ſuggourit throttis made glade hartis dance,
And al ſmal foulis ſingis on the ſpray.

Welcum the lord of licht, and lampe of day,
Welcum foſterare of tender herbis grene,
Welcum quhikkynnar of fluriſt flouris ſchene,
Welcum ſupport of euery rute and vane,
Welcum confort of al kind frute and grane,
Welcum the birdis beild apoun the brere,
Welcum maiſter and reulare of the zere,
Welcum welefare of huſbandis at the plewis,
Welcum reparare of woddis, treis, and bewis,
Welcum depaynter of the blomyt medis,
Welcum the lyffe of euery thing that ſpredis,
Welcum ſtorare of al kynd beſtial,
Welcum be thy bricht bemes gladand al,
Welcum celeſtiall myrrour and eſpye,
Atteiching all that hantis ſluggardry.

And with this wourd, in chawmer quhare I lay,
The nynt morow of freſche temperit *May*,

On

On fute I ſprent into my bare ſark,
Wilful for to complete my langſum wark,
Twiching the lattir buke of Dan *Virgil*,
Quhilk me had taryit al to lang ane quhyle,
And to behald the cummyng of this King,
That was ſo welcum to al warldly thyng,
With ſic triumphe and pompus curage glaid,
Than of his ſouerane chymmes, as is ſaid,
Newlie arifing in his eſtate ryall:
That by his hew, but orliger or dyal,
I knew it was paſt four houris of day,
And thocht I wald na langare ly in *May*,
Les *Phebus* ſuld me loſingere attaynt:
For *Progne* had or than ſoung hir complaynt,
And eik hir dredful ſiſter *Philomene*
Hir layis endit, and in woddis grene
Hid hir ſelvin, eſchamit of hir chance,
And *Eſacus* completit his pennance,
In ryueris, ſludis, and on euery laik:
And *Periſtera* biddis luffaris awake,
Do ſerf my lady *Venus* here with me,
Lerne thus to make zour obſeruance, quod ſche,
In to my hartis ladyis ſwete preſence
Behaldis how I being, and dois reuerence:
Hir neck ſcho wrinklis, trafing mony fold
With plumis glitterand, aſure apoun gold,
Rendring ane cullour betwix grene and blew,
In purpure glance of heuinlie variant hew,

I mene our awin natiue bird, gentil dow,
Singand on hir kynde, *I come hidder to wow*;
So prikking hir grene curage for to crowde
In amorus voce and wowar ſoundis lowde;
That for the dynnyng of hir wantoun cry,
I irkit of my bed, and mycht not ly,
Bot gan me blis, ſyne in my wedis dreſſis:
And for it was are morow or tyme of meſſis,
I hint ane ſcripture, and my pen furth tuke;
Syne thus began of *Virgil* the twelt buke.

THE luſty crafty preambil perl of *May*
I the intitillit crownit quhil domyſday;
And al with gold, in ſigne of ſtate riall,
Moiſt bene illumynit thy letteris capitall.

THE PROLOGUE OF THE THRETTENE BOOKE.

SUMMER.

JUNE.

TOWART the cuyn, amyd the ſomeris hete,
Quhen in the Crab *Apollo* held hys ſete,
During the joyus moneth tyme of *June*,
As gone nere was the day, and ſupper done;
I walkit furth about the feildis tyte,
Quhilkis tho repleniſt ſtude ful of delyte,
With herbis, cornes, cattel and frute treis,
Plente of ſtore, birdis and beſy beis,
In amerand medis fleand eſt and weſt,
Eftir laubour to tak the nychtis reſt.
And as I lukit on the lift me by,
All birnand rede gan waxin the cuin ſky;
The ſon enfyrit hale, as to my ſicht,
Quhirllit about his ball with bemes bricht,

Declynand

Declynand faſt towart the north in dede,
And fyrie *Phlegon* his dym nychtis ſtede
Doukit ſa depe his hede in ſludis gray,
That *Phebus* rollis doun vnder hel away:
And *Heſperus* in the weſt with bemes bricht
Vpſpringis, as fore rydare of the nycht.
Amyd the hawchis, and euery luſty vale,
The recent dew begynnis doun to ſkale,
To meis the birning quhare the ſone had ſchyne,
Quhilk tho was to the nethir warld declyne:
At every pylis poynt and cornes croppis
The teicheris ſtude, as lemand beriall droppis,
And on the haleſum herbis, clene but wedis,
Like criſtall knoppis or ſmall ſiluer bedis:
The licht begouth to quenſchyng out and fall,
The day to dirken, declyne and deuall:
The gummis riſis, doun fallis the donk rym,
Bayth here and thare ſkuggis and ſchaddois dym:
Vp gois the bak with hir pelit leddren flicht,
The larkis diſcendis from the ſkyis hicht,
Singand hir complene ſang eftir hir giſe,
To take hir reſt, at matyne houre to ryſe:
Out ouer the ſwyre ſwymmys the ſoppis of myſt,
The nicht furth ſpred hir cloik wyth ſabyl lyſt;
That al the bewty of the fructuous feild
Was wyth the erthis vmbrage clene ouerheild:
Bayth man and beiſt, firth, ſlude, and woddis wylde
Inuoluit in the ſchaddois war inſylde:

Styll

Styll war the foulis fleis in the are,
All ſtore and cattall ſeſit in thare lare;
All creature quhare ſo thame lykis beſt
Bownis to tak the haleſum nychtis reſt,
Eftir the dayis laubour and the hete:
Clois warren all and at thare ſoft quiet,
But ſterage or remouyng, he or ſche,
Outhir beiſt, bird, fyſche, foule by land or ſe.
And ſchortly euery thyng that doith repare
In firth or feild, flude, foreſt, erth or are,
Or in the ſcroggis, or the buſkis ronk,
Lakis, mareſſis, or thare poulis donk:
Aſtablit lyggis ſtyl to ſleip and reſtis
Be the ſmall birdis ſyttand on thare neſtis,
The lytil mydgis, and the vruſum fleis,
Lauborius emottis, and the biſſy beis;
Als wele the wyld as the tame beſtiall,
And euery vthir thingis grete and ſmall:
Out tak the mery nychtyngale *Philomene*,
That on the thorne ſat ſyngand fro the ſplene.
Quhais myrthfull nottis langing for to here,
Vntyll ane garth vnder ane grene laurere
I walk anone, and in ane ſege doun ſat,
Now muſyng apoun this, and now on that:
I ſe the poll, and eik the *Urſis* brycht,
And hornyt *Lucine* caſtand bot dym lycht,
Becaus the ſomer ſkyes ſchane ſo clere;
Goldin *Venus* the maiſtres of the zere,

And gentill *Joue* wyth hir participate,
Thare bewteous bemes ſched in blyth eſtate.
That ſchortlie thare, as I was lenit doun,
For nycht ſilence, and thir birdis ſoun,
On ſlepe I ſlaid: quhare ſone I ſaw appere
Ane agit man, and ſaid; Quhat dois thou here
Vnder my tre, and wylliſt me na gude?
Me thocht I lurkit vp vnder my hude,
To ſpy thys auld, that was als ſterne of ſpeiche,
As he had bene ane medicynare or leiche:
And wele perſauit that hys wede was ſtrange,
Thareto ſo auld, that it had not bene change,
Be my conſate, fully that fourty zere;
For it was threde bare into placis ſere:
Syde was hys habyt, round, and cloſit mete,
That ſtrekit to the ground doun ouer his fete;
And on hys hede of laurere tre ane croun,
Lyke to ſum poet of the auld faſſoun.

Me thocht I ſaid to hym wyth reuerence;
Fader, gif I haue done zou ony offence,
I ſal amend, gif it lyis in my mycht:
Bot ſoithfaſtlie, gif I haue perfite ſicht,
Vnto my dome, I ſaw zou neuir are:
Fane wald I witt, quhen, or quhat wiſe, or quhare
Aganis zou treſpaſſit ocht haue I.

Wele, quod the tothir, wald thou mercy cry,
And mak amendis, I ſall remit this falt;
Bot vthir wayis that ſate ſall be full ſalt.

Knawis

Knawis thou not *Mapheus Vegius* the poete,
That vnto *Virgillis* luſty bukis ſwete
The threttene buke ekit *Eneadane:*
I am the ſamyn, and of the nathyng fane,
That has the tothir tuelf in to thy toung
Tranſlait of new, thay may be red and ſoung
Ouer *Albioun* ile into zour vulgare lede:
Bot to my buke zit liſt ze tak na hede.
Maiſter, I ſaid, I here wele quhat ze ſay;
And in thys caſe of perdoun zou I pray:
Not that I haue zou ony thing offendit,
Bot rather that I haue my tyme miſpendit,
So lang on *Virgillis* volume for to ſtare,
And laid on ſyde full mony graue mater:
That wald I now wryte in that trety more,
Quhat ſuld folk deme, bot all my tyme forlore?
Als, ſindry haldis, fader, traiſtis me,
Zour buke ekyt but ony neceſſite,
As to the text accordyng neuir ane dele,
Mare than langis to the cart the thrid quhele:
Thus ſen ze bene ane *Chriſtin* man, at large
Lay na ſic thing, I pray zou, to my charge:
It may ſuffyce *Virgill* is at ane end.
I wate the ſtory of *Jerome* is to zou kend,
Quhow he was doung and beſt into his ſlepe,
For he to *Gentilis* bukis gaif ſic kepe.
Ful ſcharp repreif to ſum is write, ze wyſt,
In this ſentence of the haly *Pſalmyſt;*

Thay ar corruptit, and made abhominabyl,
In thare ſtudying thingis vnproffitabyl:
Thus ſare me dredis I ſall thole ane hete,
For the graue ſtudy I haue ſa lang forlete.
Za, ſon, quod he, wald thow eſchape me ſa:
In fayth we ſall not thus part or we ga:
How think we he affonzeis him to aſtart,
As all for conſcience and deuote hart,
Fenzeand hym *Jerome* for to counterfete;
Quhare as he liggis bedouin, lo, in ſwete.
I lat the wyt I am na *Heithin* wycht;
And gif thou has afore tyme gane vnrycht,
Followand ſa lang *Virgyll* ane *Gentyle* clerk,
Quhy ſchrenkis thou with my ſchorte *Criſtin* werk?
For thocht it be bot poetry we ſay,
My buke and *Virgillis* morale bene baith tway:
Len me ane fourtene nicht, how euir it be;
Or be the faderis ſaule me gat, quod he,
Thou ſall dere by that euir thou *Virgil* knew:
And with that wourd doun of the ſete me drew;
Syne to me with his club he maid ane braid,
And twenty rowtis apoun my rigging laid:
Quhil *Deo meo* mercy did I cry:
And be my richt hand ſtrekit vp in hy
Hecht to tranſlate his buke in honour of God,
And his Apoſtlis twelf, in nowmer od.
He glade thareof me be the hand vp tuke,
Syne went away, and I for fere awouke;

And blent about to the north eiſt wele fer,
Saw gentyl *Jubar* ſchynand, the day ſter,
And *Chiron* clepit the ſigne of *Sagittary*,
That walkis the ſomeris nycht, to bed can cary:
Zounder doun dwynis the euin ſky away,
And vpſpringis the bricht dawning of the day:
In till ane vthir place, not fer in ſounder,
That to behald was pleſance, and half wounder,
Furth quencheing gan the ſternes ane be ane,
That now is left bot *Lucifer* allane.
And forthirmore, to blaſin this new day,
Quhay micht diſcryue the birdis blisful bay?
Belyue on wyng the biſſy lark vpſprang,
To ſalute the bricht morow with hir ſang:
Sone ouer the feildis ſchynes the licht clere,
Welcum to pilgryme baith and lauborere:
Tyte on his hynes gaif the greif ane cry;
Awalk, on fute, go tyl our huſbandry:
And the hird callis furth apoun his page,
To driue the catall to thare paſturage:
The hynes wiffe clepis vp *Katherine* and *Gyl*;
Za, dame, ſaid thay, God wate, with ane gude will.
The dewye grene powderit with daſyis gay
Schew on the ſwarde ane cullour dapil gray:
The myſty vapouris ſpryngand vp ful ſwete,
Maiſt confortabil to glaid al mannis ſprete:
Thareto thir birdis ſingis in thare ſchawis,
As menſtralis playis, *The ioly day now dawis.*

Than thocht I thus: I will my cunnand keip,
I will not be ane daw, I wyl not ſleip,
I will complete my promys ſchortly thus,
Maid to the poete maiſter *Maphæus*;
And mak vp werk hereof, and clois our buke,
That I may ſyne bot on graue materis luke:
For thocht his ſtile be not to *Virgil* like,
Full wele I wate my text ſal mony like,
Syne eftir ane my toung is and my pen,
Quhilk may ſuffice as for our vulgar men.
Quhay euer in *Latine* has the brute and glore,
I ſpeik na wers than I haue done before:
Lat clerkis ken the poete different,
And men vnletterit to my werk tak tent;
Quhilk as twiching this threttene buke in fere,
Begynnis thus, as furthwyth followis here.

A GLOSSARY OF OBSOLETE SCOTISH WORDS AND PHRASES, IN THE PALICE OF HONOUR.

PROLOGUE.

§. *line.*

2 1 *OUIR-FRET*, overſpread, covered.

— 8 *Ouir the Alars zet*, overſpread the alleys.

— - *Verdour*, verdant.

3 1 *Thair ſeis*, their ſeats.

— 4 *On twiſtis*, on branches.

— - *On greis*, on degrees, ſteps, one above another.

— 5 *Kyndlie gleis*, amorous ſongs in parts.

— 9 *Laurers*, laurels, bay trees.

4 3 *Eous*, the morning ſtar, Lucifer.

— 6 *Tytan*, the ſun.

— 8 *Rice*, ſmall branches of trees.

— 9 *Gudlyheid*, Goodneſs, benevolence.

5 5 *Y-Schappit*, ſhaped, framed, faſhioned, Y often precedes a word in the old Saxon, and Scotiſh language, which is derived from it.

7 *Amene*,

§. *l.*

— 7 *Amene*, pleaſant.

— 8 *Gnappit*, Chirpit.

6 8 *Beriall Stremis*, clear ſtreams ſhining like beril, a precious ſtone.

— 9 *Bankis*, banks, borders.

7 3 *Embroued Ure*, embroidered ore, metall.

— 5 *Spreit*, Spirit.

— 6 *I not*, I knew not, or wiſt not.

— 8 *Garth*, garden.

8 1 *Soles*, ſolece or ſolace.

— 3 *Adown reſpirature*, reviver of every thing below.

9 4 *Knoppit Syonis*, round ſwelling buds.

— 5 *Burgioné*, ready to burſt forth.

— 9 *Brownis*, branches.

10 7 *Weill auchtis the*, well becomes thee.

11 2 *Foruay*, ſtray, wander.

— 7 *In fanton ſteruis*, in this ſwoon is ready to expire.

12 4 *Ery or eirie*, frightened, terrified.

— - *Sary*, ſorrowful.

— 5 *Bownand me hame*, inclining me homeward.

— 8 *Virgultis*, branches of trees.

13 8 *Smorit, ſmurit*, ſmothered, overwhelmed.

14 1 *I not how lang*, I know not how long.

— 4 *Swoun or Sweven*, in my ſwoon, or dream.

— - *Ferly cace*, a ſtrange adventure, incident.

— 7 *Gryſly*, terrible, monſtrous.

PART

PART I.

§. *l.*

1 3 *SHAW thy Badnyſtie*, ſhow thy weakneſs in poetry.

— 4 *Endite repruſe of Rethoryis*, thy reproveable attempt or eſſay in rhetorical writing.

— 5 *Beggit termis*, thrice beggarly verſes.

— 6 *Thy rymis harlotrie*, thy wanton, profane ungodly verſes.

2 7 *Raif rochis*, riven, rent rocks.

— 9 *Swappis brint*, blaſted, unripe plants, herbs.

3 1 *Laithlie flude*, deadly lethal water.

— 2 *Fiſch zelland as eluis*, fiſh ſhrieking as Elves or ſpirits.

— 3 *Fordeifit*, deafned or ſtunned me.

— 5 *Muſkane treis*, rotten trees.

— 9 *A ganand Den*, a fit ſolitude for murderers.

4 1 *My ſelvin*, myſelf.

— 6 *Uneith*, uneaſie—the deſcription of this horrid deſart in this and the two preceding ſtanzas is very poetical.

5 2 *Arraiſit*, arreſted.

6 8 *Now gam, now gram*, now for game mirth and play——now ſerious, moroſe.

7 3 *Freuch*, fruſh, eaſie to be broke.

— 4 *No wicht*, no manhood, ſtrength.

— 5 *Ze*, yea, yes.

— 6 *Diullie hant*, this dull melancholly ſojourn.

§. *l.*

— 8 *Ver*, the Spring.

8 3 *Plague Septentrional*, the north Zone.

9 3 *Degeſt*, grave, compoſed.

— 4 *Haiknayis*, horſes.

— 5 *Not forwayit*, not going out of the way, or aſtray.

10 4 *Swair*, *ſwire*, the neck, boſom.

12 6 *Frane*, aſk.

— 9 *Feill*, many.

19 3 *Charrit*, ſtopped.

— 8 *Elrich grume*, hideous, uncouth, bewitched.

20 2 *Feill ſyſe*, many, ſeveral.

— 9 *Ugſome*, terrible, frightful.

21 3 *Megirneſs*, deſpite, wrath, vexation.

— 8 *Wrokin*, avenged.

22 3 *Watit or wated*, lay in wait for.

— 4 *Madynnis zing*, young maidens.

— 8 *Blent*, looked.

— 9 *At him batit*, baited, bit him.

26 9 *Carpit*, ſpoken, ſpunded.

27 2 *Poris ſeir*, *or ſere*, many pores.

28 1 *Deris*, troubles.

— 9 *But or bot*, without.

29 5 *My tene*, my ſorrow, anger, vexation.

— 9 *Fordinnand*, making a noiſe, reſounding.

30 3 *Dullit*, made dull, ſtupified, ſunk.

— 8 *Intonit*, ſounding.

32 1 *Paſtance*, paſtime.

33 4 *Limmaris*,

§. I.

33 4 *Limmaris*, limmers, beam or draught tree of a carriage.

33 6 *Lyamis*, ſtrings, or thongs.

— 8 *Evir haims*, ivory yokes or collars.

34 6 *Tyldit abone*, covered, clad or cloathed above.

— 8 *Fas frenzies*, hair fringes.

35 9 *Ierarchies or Heirarchies*, chiefs of Angelic order.

37 9 *Rakkis ee*, the bat's eye.

40 2 *Diſſuabill*, deceitful.

— 5 For Sndill read *Scudill*, ſeldom.

41. 42 Theſe two Stanzas are a recital of the various meaſures of muſical modilation, and of the different inſtruments then in uſe.

44 2 *Than dois, of Greek, a Swine.* In the old edition it runs, *Than a Greek or a Swine*, which ſeems to be an error in the preſs, and by a very ſmall alteration the reading here adopted is produced.

The good Biſhop's word might have been taken for his ignorance in muſic, without the ſolemnity of his oath.

— 9 *Glaſkeriane*, according to the old Engliſh Ballad, was a King's Son, and played excellently on the harp. See Percy's Relicks of Ancient Engliſh Poetry, vol. 3.

45 5 *Luſtie ſpringaldis*, handſome ſtriplings.

46 5 *Dames*, ſilk damaſk.

— 6 *Crameſſie ſatyne*, red purple ſatin.

47 4 *Pattrell*

§. *l.*

47 4 *Pattrell or peyterell*, the breaſt harneſs of a horſe.

49 1 *Areyte and Palemon*, See Knights Tale in Dryden, and Chaucer—the reſt mentioned in § 49 to 52 are lovers whoſe amours are well known.

51 3 *Warit Biblis*, accurſed Biblis—See her ſtory Ovid Met. B. 9th.

51 9 *Narciſſus, (in old edit.)* this muſt be an error of the printer, in place of Hyacinthus who was ſlain by a ſtone or quoit thrown by Apollo.

54 7 *Syte*, ſorrow.

— 9 *Deuyde in twain, and furth dasund all tyte, i. e.* cut aſunder and throw away your chain.

55 9 *Byſning*, ſorrowing.

56 3 *Freuch*, fruſh, bruckle, brittle.

— 9 *Waryit mot thay be*, curſed may they be.

57 4 *Renziet*, bridled, checked or reined in their horſes.

— 5 *Poid, pode*, inſect, low creature.

58 6 *Deplome the ruik*, pull the feathers from the rook or raven.

—8.9. *Skrymorie, fery or fay, Chyppynutie*, vulgar names of miſchievous ſpirits.

59 1 *Tene tenefull*, angry, miſchievous.

60 9 *For till betrais awaiting* for to traduce or aſperſe me, has lyen in wait ſince early morn.

61 1 *Fortune fey*, unfortunate.

64 7 *Quhat wenis thou*, thinkeſt thou.

— 2 *Let*

§. l.

67 1 *Alſwyth*, ſpeedily.
— 2 *Let the Cative kuith*, let the Caitive know
— 3 *Deme, deining*, judge condemn.
— 5 *Did myith*, did fluſh, riſe up.
— 6 *Mal-eis*, trouble uneaſineſs; Mal-aiſe.
— 8 *Wryith*, torment torture.
68 3 *Jaip*, jeſt, ſport, paſtime.
— 5 *Byſning beiſt*, ravenous beaſt.
69 5 *Zimmit*, kept, had in charge.
70 1 *I umbethocht*, I thought upon, recollected.
— 9 *Loir*, learning, leſſon.
71 2 *Gryis*, affright, terrify.
— 5 *Na ken wyis*, na known ways.

PART II.

1 9 *Forzet*, forgot.
2 9 *Uneith may be*, will ſcarcely be.
3 2 *Faſſoun*, faſhion.
— 4 *Of wiſe degeſt*, compoſed, ſedate.
— 7 *Seir, ſere*, ſeveral, many.
— 8 *In latin tongue and greic*, in Latine and Greek languages.
4 4 *Fidillis lang*, long fiddles, *viol's di Gamba*.
— 5 *Wreſt*, key for tuning ſtringed inſtruments.
5 9 *Luſtie*, amorous.
6 3 *Caſtis quent*, fine touches of poetry.
7 9 *This Byſning*, this horrible beaſt.

§. *l.*

8 9 *Cauſand gros leid, of maiſt gudneſs gleit*, cauſing rude languge to become poliſhed.

9 9 *Theſpis*, the inventor of Dramatic Interludes.

10 4 *Det*, duty.

— 8 *Feird*, the fourth.

— 9 *Gent*, gentle, gentile, neat, well dreſt.

11 6 *Dytis*, dictates, rehearſes.

20 2 *Subtell ſmy*, a cunning ſcandalous fellow.

22 9 *Heſt, beheſt*, commands.

23 1 *Ghoiſt*, ſpirit.

25 3 *Gram*, the breaſt, boſom.

28 1 *Unwemmit*, ſpotleſs, blameleſs.

— 5 *Womenting*, lamenting.

32 4 *Dampnit*, condemned.

— 8 *It langis me*, It becomes me, belongs to me.

33 2 *Forzeild you*, repay you.

— 7 *I well thow wend and veſie*, I will lead you and ſhew you.

— 8 *Betaught*, recommended.

34 1 *Beſene*, accoutred.

— 5 *Bedene*, furthwith.

— 9 *Neuer a wreiſt*, never a note or key.

35 1 *Holtis*, hills.

36 4 *By Pyſe the riche Cietie*, the rich City Piſa.

— 6 *Ouir Lair*, over the River Loir.

38 9 *The ſlude Thanas*, the river Tanais or Don.

42 7 *Beryall ſtremis rinnand ouir ſtanerie gries*, clear ſtreams running over glittering ſands.

— 8 *The*

§. I.

— 8 *The ſchaw*, the woods.

43 6 *Fair hauingis*, good behaviour.

— 9 *Stoneiſt*, aſtoniſhed.

44 6 *An Palzeeron pitcht*, a Tent or Pavilion pitched.

45 3 *Was not thra*, was not croſs, ill humoured.

— 7 *Sitting on deiſſis*, on benches.

47 2 *Digeſt*, compoſed, ſedate.

48 9 *Skarth*, Scart, a ſea fowl.

The perſons mentioned in the 47th, 48th and 49th § as recited by Ovid, and their ſtories are taken from his Metamorphoſes.

51 5 *Like ane mouar*, a mover, a clock.

53 4 *Ouir waters wan*, went or wend.

— 9 *Their heidis law deuaill*, bowed low their heads.

53 1 *On raw*, in order.

56 9 *My purpois to eſchief*, to atchieve, attain.

PART III.

1 3 *TEICHE me zour caſtis eloquent*, your curious nice touches of eloquence, poetry is here meant.

— 7 *Bouſom*, chearful, well pleaſed, kind.

2 9 *Out tane*, without, except.

3 9 *Griſlie ſicht*, a frightful terrible ſight.

4 2 *Seuch*, a ditch, gully, gulf.

9 1 *Gudelie carwell*, goodlie ſhip or barge.

— 3 *Richt ſouer*, right ſure.

§. l.

— 6 *Bubbis thick*, thick ſtormy blaſts.

10 4 *Mait*, wearied.

13 4 *Fouth*, plenty.

15 8 *To noy*, to annoy.

16 3 *Ay rypit*, ripe, ripened.

— 8 *Kyrnellis*, towers battlements.

17 1 *Pinakillis*, *Fyellis*, &c. terms of architecture.

20 3 *Gouand*, govan, gazing with wonder.

— 8 *Garth*, garden.

22 9 *Blent*, looked.

34 4 *Lidder*, ſoft, ſluggiſh.

— 5 *Licht of laitis*, of light wanton carriage.

48 & 49 *I ſaw Raf Coilzear*, &c. the perſons mentioned in theſe Stanzas, are the ſubjects of popular ballads and the heros of traditionary ſtories in our author's time.

Rauf Colyeard, and John the Reif, are mentioned in a poem of Dunbar's, addreſt to king James V. in Banantyne's M. S. The Editor of Ancient Scotiſh Poems, Edinburgh, 1770, ſays, John the Reif is Johny Armſtrong, the famous borderer who was hanged by king James V. But John the Reif mentioned in this Poem of G. Douglas' muſt have been of more ancient date than James Vth's time.

Cow kewpis ſow, a popular ballad in Banantyn's M. S. alſo mentioned by Dunbar in the above publication, 1770, p. 42 and note 253.

§. I.

Greit Gow Macmorn—and Fyn Macoul and how Thay ſuld be goddis in Ireland,

It is with pleaſure we find here, two of Oſſians celebrated heros, *viz.* Gow or Gaul the ſon of Morni and Fyn Macoul or Fyngal.—The laſt verſe alludes to their heroic, or god-like exploits in Ireland.

49 1 *The nigromancie of Benytas Bongo and Frair Bacone*—Men of profound learning, who in the dark ages were reputed necromancers.

50 9 *I not mair*, I know no more.

51 6 *Not to neuin*, needs not be named or mentioned.

— 7 *Steuin*, voice.

52 2 *Bowſome*, pleaſant, obedient.

55 6 *Garritour*, the watchman of the tower.

56 2 *Lawtie*, loyalty.

— 3 *Outſchett*, ſhut out.

57 2 *Hecht*, is called.

59 2 *Meid*, reward.

65 9 *Farie*, fear.

66 3 *Waill*, to pick out or chuſe.

— 7 *Rammall*, ſhrubs.

67 6 *Symont*, cement.

— 8 *Quemit*, exactly fitted.

68 2 *Fynes*, the ends, boundings.

69 2 *Gent*, handſome, genteel.

— 4 *Boir, bore*, a hole or opening.

70 5 *Lowpit*, wreathed.

§. *l.*

73 2 *Wyvis hart*, a woman's heart.
73 5 *Apirſmart*, rough, crabbed, ill natured.
— 6 *Braid*, attack.
76 6 *Mane*, valour.
78 6 *Deme*, deem, thought.
86 9 *Appoiſit*, poiſed, fixt, ſettled.
88 2 *Fouſſie*, foſſie, ditch.
89 6 *Harnis*, brains, harns.

The following POEM *is ſelected from a Collection, Publiſhed by* MR PINKERTON, 1786,
AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

A SATIRE.

TO yow, my lordis of renoun,
The haill pepill of Rugling toun;
Burges, merchants, and indwellaris;
Craftſmen, officers, and meit-ſellaris;
Ryche men, puiranes, and gud yemen;
Wydows, maidins, and hyre-women;
Honeſt matrons, and guid wyfis;
Young men, and younkers that findil ſtryfis.
Magiſtratis, and men of degrie;
Servands, and ſic as luifis on ſie:
Schortlie of the toun the haill menzie,
Maiſt humblie to yow now dois plenzie,
That our traffique dois clene decay;
Our ſchift and gaine is quyt away.
We haif na change within our burgh;
The greine girs grows our ſtreithis through.
Our baxiſteris of breid hes no ſaill;
The broſteris hes na change for aill.

The fleſchers' ſkamblis ar gane dry;
The heiland men bringis in na ky.
The merchands hes na change of wair;
The hoſtellaris gettis na repair;
The craftismen ar not regardit;
The prentes boyis ar not rewardit;
The ſtableris gettis na ſtabil fies;
The hyre women gettis na balbeis;
The hors-boyis ar hurt of thair waige.
There is no proffeit for a paige.

Schortlie, thair is na change within,
The court of ſtrangeris is ſa thin.
And all this ſorow, and miſcheif,
Is nouther cum of huir nor theif;
Nor be the force of enimeis;
Nor be privat conſpiraceis.
Bot becaus men hes lattin doun
The fair, and market of our toun.
I mean the mercat of our hors;
Quhilk nather cumis to port, nor cors,
Nor to the croft our toun beſyde;
Quhar mony ane was wont to ryde.
At guit Sanct Lukis nobill fair
Quhair mony nobills did repair;
And for the wery wynter tyd
For ryddin hors did thame provyde,
For thame and all thair company;
That it was pleſour thame to ſe.

Bot

Bot now the nobillis takis na fors;
And cairis not for ryddin hors.
On hors thai will no mony ſpend,
But ſpairs it till ane uthair end.
Sua nevir is ſene intill our toun
Lord, laird, burges, or baroun.
And quhair that mony gay gelding
Befoir did in our mercat ling,
Now ſkantlie in it may be ſene
Tuelf gait glydis, deir of a preine.

This cummis not, as we conſidder,
That men to travel now ar ſlidder;
For mony now ſo biſſie ar,
Quhidder ye travell neir or far.
Go befoir, or byde behind,
Ye ſall thame aye in your gat find:
Thoch nothing to thame thair perteine,
Yit thai will ay be biſſie ſene.

Nor yit tak thai this cair and paine,
On fute travellan on the plaine,
Bot rydes rycht ſoftlie on a * MEIR,
Well montit in thair ryding geir.
The richt reſſoun thane till eſpy,
Quhy rydin hors men will not by,
Is that thai get ane MEIR unbocht;
And ſua thai think thai ryd for nocht.

And

And thinks it war ane fuliſche act
On ryding hors to ſpend the pact;
Haifand ane yaid at thair command,
To ryd on baith in burgh, and land.
This wikit MEIR ſa weill thame ſtaikis,
And ambillis with them in the glaikis,
That quha to hir dois anes him hant,
Thairefter he can not her want.
For ſcho ſo glorioufflie dois ryd,
That thame puffis up with pryd:
Be thai anes montit on hir bak,
Thai think in thame there is na lak.

Thair meit doublet dois thame rejoys;
Thay ſpred abrod thair ruffet hois;
Thay tak delyt in nedil wark,
Thay gloir in thair weill ruffit ſark.
Thair litil bonet, or bred hat,
Sumtyme heiche, and ſumtyme plat,
Waites not how on thair heid to ſtand;
Thair glufis perfumit, in thair hand,
Helpis meikil thair countenance:
Et tout eſt a la mode de France.
Thair dry ſcarpenis, baythe tryme and meit;
Thair mullis glitteran on thair feit;
Thair gartans, knottet with a roys,
Putis all the laſſis in thair chois.
They ſnyte, thoch thair na miſter be,
That ye may thair trim napkyne ſee;

And,

And, gif ye richtly it conſidder,
The goldin knappis ſhall hing the gidder.
Quhaneas thay talk of ony thing,
All tendis to thair awn loving;
Wald ye eſteme thame be thair crakis,
Thay wald be Ceſaris in thair actis:
For lordlie liberalitie,
Thay gone bot kingis for to be.
Thair ryches, as thairſelfs dois count,
King Creſus' threſour may ſurmount.
Onto thair talis quha lift attend,
Thay knaw all to the warlds end:
Gif ye will trew all that thay tell,
In everie thing thai do excell.
Tha ar the faſſiouns, as I heir,
Of men that rydis on the MEIR.

The wemen als, that on HIR rydis,
Thay man be buſkit up lyk brydis.
Thair heidis heiſit with ſickin ſaillis;
With clarty † ſilk about thair taillis;
Thair gounis ſchant to ſchaw thair ſkin,
Suppois it be richt oft full din.
To mak thame ſma the waiſt is bound;
A buiſt to mak thair bellie round:
Thair buttokis boſterit up behind;
A fartigal to gathair wind.
Thair hois made of ſum wantoun hew;
And quhene thai gang, as thai nocht knew,

Thay

Thay lift thair goun abone thair ſchank:
Syne lyk ane brydlit cat thai brank.
Sum taunting wordes thai haif per ‡ queir,
That ſervice thame in all mateir.

NOTES.

* The MEIR, ſeems to mean *pride*, as we ſay a man is on 'his high horſe.'

† See Lindſay on *ſide* (i. e. *long*) *tails*, among his poems. Chaucer, in the Perſones Tale, railing at extravagant dreſs, mentions 'the coſte of the embroiding; the diſguiſing, endenting, or barring; ounding; paling; winding, or bending; and ſemblable waſt of cloth in vanitee: but ther is alſo the coſtlewe furring in hir goune, ſo much pounſoning of cheſel to maken holes; ſo much dagging of ſheres; with the ſuperfluitee in length of the foreſaide gounes trailing in the dong, and in the myre, on hors, and eke on foot; as wel of man as of woman,' *&c.*

‡ *Per queir*, that is *by book, with formal exactneſs*. *Quair* is *book*, whence our *quire* of paper. 'Go thou litil *quayer*,' Caxton. Proverbs of Chreſtine, 1478. He alſo often uſes *quaires* for *books* in his proſe.

Go, litil quaire, unto my livis quene.
Chaucer, Complaint of Black Knight.

The blak bybill pronounce I ſall *per queir*.
Lindſay.

The word *Quair*, in this acceptation, is rendered immortal by *the Kings Quair* of James I.